THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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STILL FOR PARNELL.

A Goodly Gathering of Irish Americans in Central Music Hall Stand by the Foe of English Whiggery.

Earnest and Effective Speeches by Messrs. J. J. O'Kelly, William Redmond, and Henry Harrison, M.Ps.

Notwithstanding the disadvantages of heat, "Darby" day, local contentions and other drawbacks, a respectable audience assembled to greet the Parnell envoys at Central Music Hall last Saturday evening. Among those present were quite a large number of ladies. Prof. Fitzgerald, before the meeting was called to order, played a medley of patriotic airs on the organ. Mr. M. W. Ryan presided, and among those on the platform or in the audience were the Hon. Carter H. Harrison, the Hon. De Witt C. Cregier, the Hon. James A. Sexton, postmaster; Col. Richard O'S. Burke, Daniel Corkery, of the executive committee of the Irish National League of America; James Lyman, Chas. McCabe, J. T. Golden, Ald. John Powers, John J. Curran, E. M. Lahiff, W. C. McClure, T. P. Tipping, Owen Murray, Eugene Davis, P. G. Smyth, president of the Columbian Club; Gen. Herman Lieb, James O'Connell, Joseph Deniffe, Chas. Burton, John F. Finerty, Capt. M. Powers, D. J. Horan, James Crottie, Dr. McAuliffe, Frank D. Kinsella, J. D. O'Leary, S. D. Madden, J. J. Hopkins, H. F. Fleming, Daniel Byrnes, Wm. Sullivan, Michael Doyle, P. O'Connor, James Walsh, R. Nagle, T. Burke, G. B. Hennessy, M. O'Connor, L. P. Ryan, P. Kean, Chas. Bergin, P. B. Flanagan and hundreds of others.

Several boxes were occupied, and, in one of them, accompanied by several Chicago ladies, sat the beautiful and patriotic wife of Mr. William Redmond, M. P.

The chairman made a brief speech in which he avowed his faith in the policy and the principles of Mr. Parnell, and declared that that leader ought to be sustained by every Irishman who believed in the regeneration of his native country.

The first speaker introduced was James J. O'Kelly, who said:

"We have come tonight to address the people of Chicago on the situation in Ireland. That situation is misunderstood. It has been represented that the differences among Irish members of parliament is on account of one man. This is not so. The position of Parnell as leader is derived from his labors of seventeen years, but his position is only part of the difficulty. The question is whether Ireland shall have a real representation in the British parliament or whether the members shall be subject to the call and command of English politicians and whether the cause of freedom shall sink with the downfall of one or the other of the British parties which may for the time purchase the Irish support. The question is whether Ireland shall have the right to elect its own rulers and govern itself without foreign interference, whether that interference comes from Italy or England. (Applause.)

It is said that the supporters of Mr. Parnell are in the minority. This is not so. The National party may be smaller in numbers, but it has been steadfast, and has all along controlled public opinion. We have fought for national independence until it was nearly in our grasp. In a few years we would have been masters of our destiny, but for an unfortunate accident.

It is said because a man lapsed, or is said to lapse, from strict morality he is unfit to be a ruler. If this applied every where where would we obtain a leader? Parnell's morality has nothing to do with politics. It is beside the question. His position was known when Healy, McCarthy (prolonged hisses), and others declared their confidence in him. Then they deserted him, when Gladstone and the Liberals said he must give up the leadership. Are you, as Irishmen, prepared to stand this? (Cries of "No!") What is liberty when we are driven by English politicians? We hoped to make Ireland as independent as Louisiana within the boundaries of the United States. It was the example of the Southern states obtaining in congress what they were prevented from getting in the field that led me to abandon the physical force idea and hope to gain Irish freedom by parliamentary action. We have stood to our principles. We started out eleven years ago on the proposition that Irish representatives should oppose all parties and all measures until Ireland's freedom had been assured, and an Irish parliament established, and we still adhere to that principle. I deny the power of the Liberals to grant us Home Rule, should they be so inclined. Even when they are in power in the house of commons, the house of lords will always be against them. Any measure proposed by the commons can be rejected by the lords.

A matter like Home Rule, which touches the life of the empire, they would surely reject. On questions where popular opinion was worked up to a white heat, the house of lords would give way. England will never be worked to any heat on the Irish question. You never will know of a revolutionary idea in England in Ireland's cause. The idea held out that Gladstone has power to give Home Rule is a deception. The statement that Home Rule is in danger because Gladstone and the Liberals are displeased, is absurd. They are as dependent upon Irish members as the Irish members are on them. (Applause.) We have been struggling for the right of Irishmen to control their affairs without interference of outside parties. This is the pivot upon which the whole thing turns. When you give it up there is nothing to fight for. So I say that when Parnell is withdrawn because Gladstone says so, a vital principle has been sacrificed. When an Irish party answers to the command of an Englishman, the existence of that party is a matter of indifference. (Applause.)

If we have to be subservient to Englishmen, Ireland might as well be so many counties of the English empire. That is what it will be if the party which I represent is defeated. I want the Ireland for which our ancestors fought a country with a name and a history, and, if possible, a flag of its own. If we are going to abandon this idea let us do so openly. Let us not be hocused and cheated out of that for which our sires have fought. We do not wish to become second class Englishmen.

The overwhelming majority of the Irish people is with us. I defy Sexton, Healy, or McCarthy to go to any county in Ireland and hold a public meeting. They may hold it in secret at a hotel, but they dare not hold one in the open. The mass of the people is against them. They say they are a Parliamentary party and do not care for the mob. They liked the mob when they were elected. Since then they have become eclectic. They don't care for public opinion, but for voting opinion. The head of the house votes. These men were born many years ago and haven't kept up with the events. The young and middle aged men who have carried the movement along have no vote. Clerical influence upon the old men who vote has resulted disastrously for Ireland. We are fighting at a disadvantage. Agencies are used to strike us against which we dare not strike back. The National party has done much of which to be proud. Eleven years ago it found the bulk of the agriculturists worse than negro slaves. They could not look bailiffs and landlords in the face. They were liable to be turned out and their goods confiscated at any time. Through the National party, under Parnell's leadership, 600,000 families formerly in abject terror are now as independent on their farms as the landlord in his domain. The laborers have cottages of brick instead of hovels. They are called "Parnell cottages." When we are dead this will remain as an aureole about Parnell's name. The Irish will revere him as the negroes revere Abraham Lincoln. This is the man we are to cast out. This man, the savior of his people, is to be brushed aside because Gladstone says it. Where were the charges of immorality between the time of the divorce case and our meeting in London? Priests moved Parnell's election as leader. What right have they to demand his sacrifice now? We will fight this out if we have to fight it with knives. (Great applause.)

Parnell has quadrupled the voting power in Ireland. In Roscommon, for which I sit, the franchise has been raised from 4,500 votes cast on my first election to 17,000. Shall we sacrifice him? Ireland needs Parnell as badly as France needed Napoleon Bonaparte. A leader is indispensable to a people. He must be the right kind. Nations rise and fall according to the presence of great men. The mass of men never accomplished anything but as the instruments of one leader. Where were these men who are now trying to tell us we need no leader in 1846 and 1847? They taught the doctrine of cowardly submission. Millions died like rotten sheep. They died from cowardice. Their name is a blot on the race. I blush that I belong to a race mean and cowardly enough to die from starvation for lack of courage to reach out and take food. If the Irish race had one man like Parnell to show men how to die 20,000 might have died then and 3,000,000 been saved. If we throw over Parnell—the Moses who has led us out of Egypt—Ireland will go down and history will say it served us right. (Continued cheers.)

The next speaker was Henry Harrison, a smooth faced, handsome young gentleman with a pronounced English accent. Although M.P. for Tipperary he is a student at Oxford. He comes of a line of patriots, his grand uncle, Henry Joy McCracken, having risen to glory and death in '98 in the "United Irishmen" times. Mr. Harrison received his full share of attention. He said:

Our opponents declared that the Irish are divided in opinion. We indignantly deny this. The fight is still, as it always has been, between the National party and its natural enemies, the Whigs and place-hunters of England. Parnell is charged with deviating from the strict moral path. Can it be proved that he was ever false to his people and patriotism? He has claims upon the pride as well as gratitude of the Irish. He placed them where they can look in the face of the English as equals and not inferiors. He has brought Ireland near to the freedom for which we have prayed. The men who back him are the lineal descendants of the heroes of '98. They will not desert him. To them is committed the sacred cause of Irish liberty. Conscious in the virtue and sanctity of their domestic relations the Irish people felt that they could overlook Parnell's fault. The only cry came from England, never famous for domestic purity. With an atmosphere reeking with the Cleveland street scandal, with public men charged with nameless offenses, with their Prince of Wales and Lord Hartingtons the English said Parnell was immoral and must not be the Irish leader. Who are the men who oppose Parnell? [A voice: "Traitors."] Yes, traitors, fools and cowards. These are the followers of Gladstone.

Mr. William Redmond, who followed, is well known in Chicago. He was frequently interrupted with applause and shouts of approval. He made a simply magnificent speech, and felt every word he uttered. He said:

The only charge against Parnell is immorality. If he is attacked why not the Prince of Wales? What is depravity in an Irish leader is an eccentricity in a prince of the blood royal. This charge of immorality is a hollow excuse. Gladstone fears Parnell and seeks to destroy him. For years he has fought the battles of Ireland alone, and wrested by force from unwilling England the vast benefits he obtained for us. Those who say a new leader can be had will find that if the cause of Ireland is to be served it can only be served under the banner of Charles Stewart Parnell and those who follow him. [Applause.] It is easy to set up a new leader, but you cannot so easily transfer the allegiance of the followers. I can say further, young men of Irish race, that we will follow no other leader but Parnell so long as he is with us. He has been betrayed by men who shook his hand and said they would stand by him, but deserted an hour after at Gladstone's command. Our principle has been that the Irish should be first and last independent of English opinion. Stand by Parnell, the successor of Emmet, Mitchel, Fitzgerald, and Wolfe Tone!

After his speech Mr. Redmond announced that word had been received that Parnell would be in this country next autumn. The statement was received with loud cheers.

The musical portion of the programme was ably and effectively performed by Prof. Fitzgerald, Trinity College, Dublin, who rendered on the organ a prelude by J. S. Bach, an overture by Rossini, and pieces by Gounod and Batiste. Mr. Fitzgerald's rendering of the masterpieces was much and deservedly admired by the entire audience.

AN APPEAL.

BY L. M'GRISKIN, A.M.

Why wrangle, ye children of Erin,
And draw down the fire from above?
Is not all of your doing and daring
The offspring of faith and of love?

Has the faith of your fathers arrayed you
With spears for the motherland's breast?
Is the love of the God that has made you
The bane of the land that He blest?

No! true to the faith without falter
You shall not be led like the beast;
Denounc'd from the pulpit and altar
You still have respect for the priest.

Political preaching, you scoff it,
And tell them it's leading to worse—
The ass, we know, turn'd on the prophet
On his way to give Israel his curse.

Ah! think of poor Erin—her story
Is told by the martyrs who bled,
And the halo immortal of glory
Encircles our patriot dead.

And as the "Green Isle" ever gathers
Its verdure and bloom from the wave
So its glory from blood of our fathers
Still rises and hallows their grave!

We once had the cloister and college
Where piety offered her prayer—
Then Erin gave Europe her knowledge
For the saint and the scholar were there.

But piety flies from the nation
Where bishops are hugging the chain,
And as types of our sad desolation
The cloister and college remain.

Oh! how could such pillage and plunder
And vengeance the nation befall?
But look at the past, and the wonder
Is that we are a nation at all!

For think of the ages of slaughter,
And then of the years of exile,
And is there a son or a daughter
To weep for the emerald isle?

Ah! yes, there are maids at our fountains
That love the old land as their lives,
And men at the foot of the mountains
That woo them and make them their wives.

And still are the world's fairest flowers
Of virtue and beauty our own—
Good God! what a nation was ours
If the tyrant had left us alone!

But in spite of the torch and the sabre,
Our valleys are fertile and smile,
Tho' the peasant is robbed of his labor
By the impious lord of the soil.

For the heretic lord has his castle
Where the chieftan was ruling before,
And the revel of wine and of wassail
Is heard where the psalm is no more.

Yes, gone are the saints and the sages
That long blest the valley and hill—
Let faction depart, and the ages
To come shall be holier still!

Religion will hallow our charter,
Illumed by the glory that's past,
And the children of exile and martyr
Hold Freedom and Faith to the last!

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THE FOUNTAIN OF GENIUS.

From Which Oliver Goldsmith Drew the Material for His Fascinating Prose and Poetry.

It is Situated in the Lovely Pastoral District of Lissoy.

SWEET AUBURN.

The next visit is to "the decent church that tops the neighboring hill," and which we see to the south against the sky, and to which we take a pretty road across country; this road, rising as we go, soon brings us to the summit of "the neighboring hill," and to Kilkenny West itself. There is a delightful feeling in the air that makes one glad to saunter along, and to stop and chat with any passers-by while enjoying the fair prospect in the plain. The first time we passed along the road we were attracted by a very curious hut and a remarkably cheerful salutation from a withered old woman sunning herself outside her cabin; truly the smallest and poorest cabin I ever saw in any part of the land. The next visit, it was there still, though I half expected it would have been blown away in the interim, and there again was the old woman, beaming amiably on us as we passed, so we thought we would pay her a visit.

"Oh, then, walk in, honies, and a thousand welcomes. I'm busy, on and off, carrying in the sods there a neighbor left me for the bit of fire."

I don't believe there is in the world such another wigwam as that in which old Mary Gill leads her solitary, but evidently far from unhappy, life. "God bless you," said Mr. Mac, speaking of her, "she's as happy as a queen there! Has she one to ask a penny rent? Hasn't she plenty of the finest air and sunshine under heaven; and aren't all the neighbors as good to her as their means will allow?"

It is all perfectly true; the wigwam is an extraordinary sight without and within, and how it has stood the winters of seventy or eighty years is beyond my comprehension. It was originally put up—I was going to say built—by Mary's father as a temporary hotel for his honeymoon—but I must let her tell it all herself, when I describe it.

Imagine a tiny hut, almost round, the roof a sort of thatch, put up anyhow—sure 'twas only for a little while"—on the support of a couple of fir poles, now black as ebony from the long time the little while has lasted; the interior of the thatch has slowly, surely descended until it almost touches the head of anyone standing, and it too has grown a jetty black from the action of the peat, which has given it a most curious appearance, as if millions of spiders had set to work to cover every inch with their beautiful festoons, which, in turn, have become like jet encrusted with a chain-work of minute black globules, all glistening with the tar of which they seem to be composed; such a strange and beautiful formation that I would have broken off a morsel as a curiosity, but found that, though hard to a slight touch, if handled roughly the tar would exude and destroy gloves.

The open hearth is close to the doorstep, necessarily, for the whole apartment is not more than about two square yards, much of that space being given to Mary's odds and ends, to a number of those now fashionable three legged stools, and to a very poor bed; still, blackened as are roof tree and walls by time and peat, the few stools and other articles that could be secured shone from free-stone. An osier partition—also black—screens off a second tiny compartment,

THE WHOLE A WONDER,

an impossibility to realise by anyone who has not seen it, and yet—I am not exaggerating, I have often thought it over since—it is a home in which truer and purer joys have been felt, where contentment has oftener found shelter than in half the rich mansions I know. Why, listen to the poor old owner, who, though now all alone and dependent on the goodness of the neighbors, could dwell in real delight upon the happiness she has known; no murmur escapes her lips; she has evidently the greatest of philosophies—she realizes and makes the utmost of the good that comes with her lot, and does not waste her life in longing for the apples of Sodom.

"All my life, then, under this same roof. Sure, my father just run it up anyway, when he got the wife, until he'd be able to build a decent one for her; but, what with one thing or another, faith he never managed it. You see, he had to run away with my mother, or he'd never have got her, for she was of better people that wouldn't look at him. He was but a poor laborer and she was entitled to a fortune; her people was high up people (her father was a herd), and could have give her" (and Mary drew herself up and watched out of the corner of her eye the effect of this)—"aye, £30 as easy as you'd give me a shilling! She got a little, by degrees, after she married, and he was as good a head to her as there was in the country, and reared—yes, here on this floor—as fine and hearty a family. Oh, you'd love to see them boys!—the loveliest boys from this to Athlone. One went to America, and died. Some went here, and some there, and I'm the last. Oh! but I wish you'd have seen the brother that died two years ago—he was the lovely boy!" (he must have been 70). "I never married myself, (I was a pious girl), but lived on here, working while I could and as happy as any in the world. And now I'm too old to work, sure I have God and the neighbors, and good they are to me.

"Stay, now, honey; you must have something to remember me by. Here's a bundle of rushes. Take them from me. Arrah, sure I have only to step down to the bog and peel me a bundle. This way; look—leaving a little back-bone of the peel on every one, to steady them like. Now, you'll know how to do it (I suppose you have a candlestick and a grisset at home?) and you'll be rejoiced to see the beautiful light they'll give, let alone that it's never lucky to be without

A BUNDLE OF RUSHES

in the house. And you like the little three-legged stools? Why then you must have one—and may the blessing of God and my blessing attend you all the days of your life!" and having enriched us with the lucky rushes and a real—not a mock—milking stool, the old woman smiled and called good wishes along the road while we were in sight. I keep that stool and use it as a charm for contentment. It and poor Mary Gill remind me of a beautiful story I was told of an old man just as poor and lonely, living somewhere out on the bog-lands about this district.

He was poor, alone in his cabin, away even from neighborly society, and very sick. The priest who used to visit him urged anxiously that he should allow himself to be moved into the town, where he could have help and care.

"No, no, Father," he said beseechingly, "don't move me; my heart would break with loneliness in a town where I could not see the sunshine of the country or hear the curlew's note."

Ah! there is true poetry in our people's hearts.

At last we come to the "decent church;" precisely—a decent, new church, built upon the foundations of that very one in which the child Oliver sat and listened to his father preach; turning over critically, as a child will, whatever differences may have been between the preacher in gown and bands, and the father whose daily life was under those eyes not one whit less critical and quick of mental vision because the child was outwardly quiet and timid. Well it was for the boy, and well for the father and preacher, that evidently the latter's daily life corresponded with his teachings. It is thought by some that the portrait of the pastor in the "Deserted Village" is that of the brother Henry, who succeeded Goldsmith's father in the curacy of this decent church. It is just as probable that both

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD

and the village preacher are a mixture of father and son, for certainly it was not from his brother, himself as yet a student, that Oliver learned his gentle pity for and love of the poor. These feelings were strong in his heart when he was but a young lad, loitering along this road and climbing the stile that leads from the high road directly into the churchyard.

I am glad to think that each time we went to Auburn and to Kilkenny West we had such lovely days as permitted us to see the places at their best, so that, strolling about the graveyard and the adjacent fields and roads, sitting long and quietly on the grassy height beside the little church, gradually there stole into the hearts and minds a thorough appreciation of the fondness with which one born and bred in these scenes must have looked back upon them—on the peace, the rest, the purity, the simplicity, the home-like look over all. What must have seemed that picture, when wistfully looked back upon from the midst of a homeless life; a life without real companionship; by a heart craving for affection, and finding few but hard and rude natures to chafe against? Then would come memories of the sunlit hill and valley, the Sunday hour in that pretty rural churchyard, the rest under the trees, the service, the home yonder, with father, mother, brothers—all still so secure in those early days—all within sight from this spot. How often these memories must have come to doubly darken the lonely garret in London. It was here, surely here, not in England, where he experienced little but coldness and suffering, that Goldsmith imbibed the love with which he portrays these very scenes and the characters he learned by heart, in the early days when he learned to love all good and gentle things from him who

"Watch'd and wept; he pray'd and felt for all;
. . . . . .
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with doubled sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man
With steady zeal each honest rustic ran;
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven."

—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

INTERESTING REMEMBRANCES.

A Writer in the Dublin "Freeman" Gives Some Reminiscences of the Anti-Parnell Times.

My recollection of Irish politics goes back to the year 1858. That was the year of the Phœnix conspiracy. That conspiracy first drew my attention to Irish affairs. The Phœnix men were tried in Cork and Kerry in the spring of 1859. I remember an incident of these trials. One of the prisoners was brutally referred to by one of the judges as a "poor, low creature." "Poor, my lord," retorted the prisoner, "but not low." I thought these Phœnix men had done something for Ireland—more, at all events, than the sickly parliamentarians of the time. Any man or any party that forces Englishmen to think of Ireland, serves Ireland. The Phœnix men forced Englishmen to think of Ireland just for a moment. But the Phoenix society disappeared and Ireland ceased to be of any account in English affairs.

I did not know in 1858 what I learned since, that James Stephens, almost alone among Irish Nationalists, did not give up the cause in those dark days.

In 1855 Gavan Duffy left Ireland in despair. All the efforts of the Parliamentary party which he had helped to form had failed signally. They were unable to place a single act of parliament on the statute book. They were laughed out of political existence. When A. M. Sullivan took over the *Nation* in 1857 the political outlook was black and hopeless. Sullivan tried to keep the flag flying. He tried to rally the parliamentarians, but failed as completely as Duffy had failed. The British parliament laughed at the wretched stragglers whom Ireland sent to Westminster. There were able and true men among those stragglers, but they had no organization—no leader. Good speeches were made on Irish questions. Irish grievances were brought before the house of commons. The case of Ireland was stated again and again in forcible speeches, but the British minister dined or slept, and left the "Irishry to fight it out between themselves." What cared he about a disorganized rabble without head or tail?

But while Irish parliamentarians talked to empty benches, and English ministers thought of everything but Ireland, James Stephens and John O'Mahony went quietly but vigorously to work. Stephens visited every county in Ireland. He found the heart of the country sound. From 1858 to 1863 the constitutional agitators had it all to themselves. They did nothing; they identified themselves with the English Liberal party; they were part and parcel of that party; they voted with that party in the house and out of it. Those were the days of an English alliance. What did Ireland get by it? Nothing, absolutely nothing! Stephens and O'Mahony flung parliamentarianism to the winds; they would have nothing to do with English alliances. They built up a great Irish organization; Irishmen rushed into it, carrying their lives in their hands. They gave themselves up for Ireland; they went into penal servitude, or to the gallows, with a light heart; they forced the English minister to turn his attention to Ireland. He could no longer afford to sleep comfortably on the treasury bench while Fenianism burned fiercely beneath. Fenianism represented the principle of self sacrifice. "We shall fight for Ireland," the Fenians said. "The great goal of national independence may not be gained in our time, but we shall make way for it. Those who come after us will carry on the work. Liberty can not be won by a single generation; but every generation can do its own share of the work; we shall do ours." The Fenians failed to gain their demands, but they did more for Ireland in a couple of years than the parliamentarians had done in half a century. If anyone has any doubt of this let him read the speeches of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Derby and Lord Dufferin. The Fenians disestablished the church, passed the Land Act of 1870, and started the Home Rule movement. Without Isaac Butt the Home Rule movement would not have been founded in 1870. It was the Fenians—the Fenian prisoners whom he defended—that made Butt a Nationalist. When the Home Rule movement began to advance, Butt shook himself free from Fenianism and began to look out for English alliances. The result was that his party went to pieces. In 1874 about fifty Home Rulers were returned to Parliament. There were very many able men among those fifty members. They used to make capital speeches in parliament. They would discuss general Irish questions. There was no attempt at obstruction. They were gentle, affable creatures, and they really entertained the house of commons. They were moderate, courteous, reasonable, conciliatory. They did nothing. I remember one debate on Irish municipal reform, in 1877 I think; it was an admirable debate—what English Liberals would call a practical debate. Not a word was said about Home Rule, but facts and figures were given in a number of clever speeches bearing upon the subject of municipal reform. Next day I was discussing the Irish question with an English friend. I talked upon this very subject of Irish municipal reform, and gave him what he considered useful and interesting information. "Ah," said he, "you talk sense. You are a practical man. You give one facts; but why don't your wretched members of parliament talk like you? Why don't they bring these matters before the house of commons instead of vaporing about Home Rule?" "But," said I, "they have brought them before the house of commons. All I have now told you I picked up from the Irish members in the house of commons last night during the debate on the Irish municipal reform." "Debate on Irish municipal reform last night," said he; "why, you are mad. There was no such thing. 'Pon my word, you Irishmen are extraordinary; you make the wildest assertions imaginable." "Well," I said, with Celtic gentleness, "I can tell you there was a debate, I heard it." "You are dreaming, my friend," he said, with Saxon tenacity. "But I shall see. I read my *Daily News* this morning, but I didn't see anything about it. I shall look at the paper again." He took up the *Daily News*, looked at it, and handed it to me with an air of triumph. "There," said he, "not a word about it." It was perfectly true. Not a word of the debate was reported in the leading Liberal newspaper. To my friend's credit be it stated, he wrote immediately to the editor of the *Daily News*, and a report of the debate was published next day.

Thus were Irish questions treated by Liberal journalists between 1870 and 1880.

Local Catholic News.

The mission given to the young ladies of the Holy Family parish by the Rev. Father Moeller, S. J., was very successful. It was followed by a mission to the young men.

The pastors of this archdiocese are invited to their annual retreat at St. Viator's college, Bourbonnais grove, beginning July 6.

The children of St. Anne's parish, a large class by the way, will make their first holy communion next Sunday morning.

Boils and Pimples and other affections arising from impure blood may appear at this season, when the blood is heated. Hood's Sarsaparilla removes the cause of these troubles by purifying, vitalizing and enriching the blood, and at the same time it gives strength to the whole system.

Rev. Patrick Clark, C.C., of St. Paul's Arran quay, Dublin, died on May 31. He was a native of Galway.

GAEL AND GAUL:

—OR—

The Green and The Tricolor.

A TALE OF THE

FRENCH INVASION OF 1798.

(Founded on Fact.)

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "King and Viking," "Under the White Cockade," and other highly successful stories.

PREFATORY.

In a volume recently published in this country an attempt is made to tell the story of the French invasion of Ireland in 1798. The result is a rather one sided narrative,—the apparent object of the work (albeit alleged to be written by a Russian, Valerian Gribayedoff) being simply to glorify the prowess of the French arms, to the almost total ignoring of the noble part taken by the native Irish in that lively and memorable episode. This not only materially affects the value of the work in point of actual history, but involves a great injustice to the insurgents, whose gallantry and self-sacrifice were then so well displayed in the cause of their country. Brilliant and admirable is the record of Humbert's dashing little army; not less so that of the men who left their hearths and homes to array themselves under his banner, hazarding their all from a lofty motive of national principle. The Frenchmen had at all events, in case of failure, the assurance of being treated with honor and humanity as ordinary prisoners of war; to their Irish allies defeat meant the scaffold or the dungeon, death or exile. Nevertheless these latter went forth cheerfully and fought bravely, and the heroic deeds of many of their leaders are still vividly remembered in the localities which were the scenes of the struggle. Nearly all the characters of the following tale are real. In depicting them recourse has been had to the most authentic written accounts of the event and the most reliable local traditions. As regards the respective martial merits of Gael and Gaul at that period it may be remarked, as an offset to Mr. Gribayedoff's views, that the very peasantry that furnished Humbert's allies afterwards supplied the celebrated fighting regiments—the Connaught Rangers and Faugh-na Ballagha—that swept the flower of the French army before them on the battlefields of the Peninsula.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

CHAPTER I.

THE "CAKE."

The sonorous burr and drone of the Irish bagpipes; the brisk stamping and pattering of feet beating well regulated time; the confused hum of many voices; hearty shouts of encomium and encouragement; fitful, ringing bursts of laughter, full of light hearted Celtic abandon.

Such were the sounds that arose and blended, this mellow harvest evening in '98, as the sun, declining towards the Erris highlands, most generously rained his red gold over the landscape, brilliantly illuminating cabin windows and gilding the stately trees of Belleek, athwart which the village smoke spun up in straight blue plumes into the still air. The vesper calm was deep; at considerable distance might be heard the vociferous comments:

"Glory to you, Peggy!"

"Keep your feet, Tom, and the flure's your own!"

"Never give in to him, Kitty, alanna—think o' yer mother's people! No surrindher, agra, as the yeo said to the turkey-cock!"

"You're failin', Billy, agra; bad luck to you!"

It was a gust of Irish merriment, rising and falling at intervals.

The scene was the northern suburb of Ballina, in Mayo; a straggling street of cabins known as Bohernasup ("the road of the wisps,") and also as Sport Hill, from its fame as a rendezvous for enjoyment.

The event was a "cake," or rustic dancing competition of the period.

This simple and primitive fete was in practical accord with national taste in matters of enjoyment at a time when, as Lady Morgan noticed, no Irish meeting or festival was considered complete unless it included a dance. Terpsichorean tournaments, such as that which was now in full swing on a convenient piece of sward at Bohernasup, were frequent and popular, and received large and varied patronage, the lord often rubbing shoulders with the peasant, the landlord with the tenant, in cordial, mutual admiration of exploits on the tendon Achilles.

Opposite to where that presiding genius, the piper, sat, enthroned in lofty state upon a barrel, stood a slanting pole, from the end of which hung, enwrapped in a white napkin gaily decorated with ribbons, the cake—grand nominal reward of the champion of the evening.

"He takes the cake!"—high verdict of award heard with pride by many a panting competitor, who had then to treat his fellow dancers in due recognition of the honor conferred—is a well known expression which has outlived the quaint old custom.

The throng assembled at Bohernasup was a motley one enough, representing nearly every grade of Irish provincial society. Artisans and peasants, with their wives and daughters, formed a merry ring around the space occupied by the dancers; and as one by one the dancers succumbed to the physical test imposed upon them by the liveliest of dances, the national jig, and modestly retired, wiping their streaming brows, to make way for other aspirants, they had to run a bristling gauntlet of jokes. On such occasions it was curious to notice how frequently the sharp Ulster accent was blended with the soft brogue of Mayo; the northern tones coming from members of the colony of Protestant weavers which had been established in Ballina by O'Hara, Lord Tyrawly, and also from a large number of their Catholic co-laborers, lately "Defenders" of the county Armagh, who about three years previously had been driven from their burning homesteads and forced to take refuge in the West, by the fury of Orange persecution, abetted by Lord Carhampton.

A military element was also noticeable; conspicuous in their uniforms were several troopers of the Carbineers or Sixth Dragoon Guards, and also some yeomen, chiefly members of the Tyrawley Cavalry.

But perhaps the most striking feature of the spectacle was the presence of a numerous gathering of the gentry of the district—ladies and squires, on foot, on horseback, and in carriages, some forming the outer rim of the crowd, some mixed among the common folk, all exhibiting an animated interest in the dancing; for in those pre Union times the number of wealthy residents was large, and, in many districts, class relations were but little strained. "The nobles of our country were then our neighbors near," and, as a general thing, they kept in somewhat kindly touch with the people at large.*

Many fair faces, crowned with the becurled coiffure of the day, were visible among the womankind of the ascendency; beauteous eyes sparkled with pleasure or interest as they gazed; swan like necks were bent forward, revealing their whiteness and symmetry.

"You seem to enjoy our Western pastimes, Miss Fortescue," languidly remarked a florid-faced young man in hunting costume, who was lounging beside an open carriage in which sat a lady and gentleman; the lady young and handsome, the gentleman in the dark garb of a minister of the Established church.

"And I do enjoy them, Mr. Crofton—indeed far more than I can express. Why, this is a veritable picture of Arcadia—delicious, refreshing pastoral—enough, I vow, to reconcile me to my voluntary exile in Connacht! Don't you think so, brother George?"

"I am glad you like it, Mabel," replied the clergyman, with a smile at his sister's ready gush of a species of sentiment then highly fashionable. "I am glad you like it, for it may enable you to bear your period of banishment right bravely, ay, and even to extend it. We can promise you abundance of enjoyment—as you kindly take it—of this description. Can we not, Mr. Crofton?"

"Decidedly," said the huntsman. "We shall have a 'cake' every evening, if need be, to brighten and prolong Miss Fortescue's stay among us, poor isolated Westerns."

"Though, 'pon my honor, I think she is wonderfully easy to please," resumed Mr. Pierce Crofton, of Crofton Park, with a supercilious glance towards the dancers. "I am pretty familiar with this sort of thing, yet I never see it without thinking of Bedlam let loose—a lot of capering idiots."

"How kind of you to come here then," she remarked with swift sarcasm. "What a strange concession on your part! what self sacrifice!"

"Mabel!" remonstrated her brother. The Rev. George Fortescue, rector of Ballina, considered that the sensibilities of Mr. Crofton ought not be trifled with, he being a young man of "promise and position."

"Oh, please never mind, rector, I do not begrudge Miss Fortescue her little jokes; there is always some charming flavor and piquancy about them. But I am sorry she misjudges my presence here; surely she ought to know that to me the dance is not the attraction of the evening."

And Mr. Crofton raised his laced hat and made an elaborate bow, in keeping with the stately courtesy of the day; but, meeting the amused look of the lady, he suddenly lost his nonchalant manner, reddened, and tapped his boot uneasily with his riding whip.

"Pray excuse my lack of discernment," she laughed. "Still I must disagree with you as to the merits of the 'cake,' and by the by, here come two who, I'm sure, will support my views—your curate, George, that lively Mr. Nelligan, and Sir Thomas Chapman, a veteran warrior who has vowed me undying allegiance. Good even, gentlemen both. Hither to my rescue, please. What think you? This audacious country squire—abetted, I fear, by this reverend brother of mine—has actually dared to cast slight and scorn on this pastoral scene, this delicious fragment of Arcadian life. Is it not too bad?"

"Appalling!"

"Monstrous!"

The curate alluded to, the Rev. James Nelligan, who now approached arm in arm with a grizzled officer who commanded the local force of Carbineers, was a dapper little man, with vivacity of manner. Possessed of an active temperament, he was a zealous loyalist, combining his clerical duties with those of magistrate. He enjoyed high reputation as an Irish scholar, having even composed and published some songs, chiefly of a comical turn, in the vernacular, and was credited with all round social qualities of a sparkling order.

"I am always prompt to stand up for our good old fashioned customs, Miss Fortescue," said he, raising the broad three cornered hat that veiled his rosy countenance, "particularly when I have to take sides on the subject with a lady. Come, now, Pierce, how is it that you refuse, even figuratively, to swallow the 'cake?'"

The sally elicited the inevitable laugh.

"Egad, we shall make him swallow it in such a worthy cause," declared the dragoon commander. "Ay, by my word, he shall bolt it as easily as a poached egg—as easily as George Ogle says a Papist can bolt an oath."

"A truce, gentleman," said Crofton, with a laugh. "I merely spoke in anxiety for Miss Fortescue. I feared this was to her but sorry amusement indeed after her late round of viceregal balls and routs, at which she has been dazzling and breaking hearts as the niece of the noble Earl of Clermont."

"Thank you; but I would prefer making my little conquests as plain Mabel Fortescue. You must know, gentlemen all, that I am a desperate Democrat at heart, charged to the fingers' ends with vulgar health and vigor, and not, as some of you seem to take me to be, a pitiful *ennuyee*, knowing no happiness outside the close atmosphere of Dublin Castle, as if——"

"As if you had left your heart there."

"Which I have not done, Mr. Nelligan. I am heart-whole and body-whole, thank my stars!—as I am just going to show you, by joining this gay group of swains and shepherdesses."

"It is rather unusual, Mabel," commenced her brother, but with a silvery laugh she sprang from her carriage.

Throwing off a fleecy wrapper she appeared in the white muslin sacque then generally *en regle*, and advanced towards the double array of dancers, whose actions, together with the music, came at once to a halt.

"Who will be my partner?" she inquired, with a most seductive smile around.

The young lady made a pretty picture, indeed—her mien erect and graceful, her form classic, her manner blithe and piquant, her blue eyes beaming brightly as she spoke, and her cheeks taking a richer and deeper glow. No wonder her appearance created a sudden immense flutter of sensation, albeit in those days of easy going manners and non reserve, the "gentry" were often found competing with the plebians in the *al fresco* entertainments.

There was a rather tumultuous rush of eager aspirants, Crofton pressing forward among the rest, but Mabel's hand had been already secured by a tall, lithe-figured young man, who, with a low bow, led her out upon the "flure," and signaled to the piper to recommence.

As the drone and skirl burst forth again, setting the willing feet in motion, a merry eyed buxom girl tripped up to Crofton, dropped him a winning courtesy, and challenged him to the floor.

As it would be considered the acme of ungallantry to refuse, he incontinently stepped forth, but it was easy to perceive his heart was nowise in the business.

Again rang out the rather clamorous comments and applause, which found climax in a cheer when, a lively reel having concluded, Miss Fortescue took the arm of her partner, who escorted her back to her carriage.

"Violent exercise, gentlemen," she said, with glowing face and light laugh; "I fear I have sadly scandalized you all. Many thanks, sir; I would like to know the name of my very accomplished partner."

"Patrick Barrett, madam—a humble Æsculapian, who is simply overpowered by the gracious favor you have conferred upon him."

"Fie, Mr. Barrett!—I've never enjoyed a better reel in my life."

The young man bowed, exchanged brief salutations with the ministers and Sir Thomas Chapman, and turned away. He was a little flushed, too, after his exertions on the light fantastic, and his hair, which was long and black, was in partial disorder, having escaped from the ribbon that confined it.

"Who and what is the clodhopper?" haughtily demanded Pierce Crofton in a loud tone, mopping his brow the while—the buxom girl had proved a terpsichorean Tartar.

"Hush, Pierce! how inconsiderate—I am sure he has overheard you."

"Devil may care, parson! Who is he, anyhow?"

"The son of Dr. Barrett, replied the Rev. Mr. Nelligan.

"Ha, of the local sawbones. I knew his sister Fanny, but—the impudent scamp!—I don't remember having met him before."

"Indeed—although you both belong to the same yeomanry corps, the Tyrawly Cavalry. However, he is but lately returned from Edinburgh, where he has been studying for medicine. So—the 'cake' is at an end, and we had better move homewards. Ha, Pierce, what a thing jealousy is!—no true love without it, eh? Well, if you want to learn more about Pat Barrett you had better accompany me. Now, Sir Thomas, I am at your service; quite a budget of most interesting news for you this fine evening."

"Then we will discourse it up at the house, over a glass of wine," said the dragoon baronet. "You might join us, Mr. Crofton?"

"And I, too, with your permission, Sir Thomas," remarked the rector, alighting from the carriage. "I think, after her wild escapade, it will be meet punishment to send this wayward sister of mine home alone——"

"Nothing more to my heart; I am a fond lover of vesper solitude," interjected Mabel.

"You will not forget our appointment for the Carbineers' ball tonight?" urged Crofton.

"Of course not; I shall lose no opportunity of studying provincialism in its every aspect. If the ball be superior to the 'cake'—which I doubt—I should be sorry to miss it. Drive on, please."

Her driver swung the lash round his powdered head, and the carriage joined the procession of vehicles now moving over the small bridge that spanned that brown little offspring of the moorland, and tributary of the Moy, the Shruhaun Bhroga, or "stream of the brogues," from the number of brogue-makers' stalls which stood along its bank, in Brook street.

Pierce Crofton was sauntering off, a little to the rear of the party, when a gentle but firm hand was laid detainingly on his shounder.

"Just a word with you," said the late partner of Miss Fortescue; "you have thought fit to apply the term 'clodhopper' to your humble servant."

"Yes"—abruptly and fiercely.

"Good. Well, shall it be a public apology here on the spot for your insolence, or shall we resort to the usual course in such cases?"

The squire of Crofton Park grew a trifle pallid. Dashing, gay, gallant though he was, he had never confronted an adversary with either sword or pistol; the ordeal of duel was somewhat strange to him. He, therefore, winced at being offered, in lieu of an immediate public apology, which, for the sake of his character and general standing in the district, he thought he dare not think of making—the sanguinary alternative described, with what he considered eager ferocity on the part of Barrett, as "usual."

He promptly hit on a resourse, but it proved futile.

"How dare you, sir, have the audacity to challenge me? I am a gentleman."

"Possibly. And I am one by birth and education. The apology instantly, or else——"

"Else—you dare threaten!"

"Aye—to horsewhip you first and post you as a coward afterwards; that is the usual course, you know. Come, may I have the name of your second?"

"Major Kerr, of the Carbineers; but I shall inquire into your claims to gentility."

"Fortune favor your researches! That suffices. Good evening."

The squire strangled an oath and hastened to rejoin his friends. The cool mannered medico, receiving a hearty slap on the shoulder, turned round and confronted the donor.

* "The scene was pleasing—gentlemen and ladies, on horseback and on foot, being mixed up with the country people, and forming a triple ring around the dancers, whilst a fellow standing on some bench or barrel held up a pole, at the end of which the cake was hung in a clean napkin, adorned with ribands, to be given as a prize to the best performer." Thus Gabriel Beranger, the artist, describes a "cake" witnessed by him near Glencar, Sligo, in June, 1779.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

THE BREATH of a chronic catarrh patient is so offensive that he becomes an object of disgust. After a time ulceration sets in, the spongy bones are attacked and frequently entirely destroyed. A constant source of discomfort is the dripping of the purulent secretions into the throat, sometimes producing inveterate bronchitis, which in its turn has been the exciting cause of pulmonary disease. The brilliant results which have attended its use for years past properly designate Ely's Cream Balm as by far the best and only cure.

GAELIC POETRY.

Mealita 's Treigthe.

The following is one of the most touching and beautiful songs ever composed. Who the author was, or when it was written is unknown. It appeared in a recent issue of the Dublin *Nation*. It is a gem of Irish poetry, as bright and as beautiful as any of those multitudinous gems of Irish melody, so unknown as to origin that they seem the voice of a nation rather than the utterance of an individual. This song appears to have been composed in the county Galway:

I

Ogánaigh an chúil cheangailte le raibh mise seal in éinfheacht,
Chuaidh tú 'réir an bealach so a's ní thábhle tú dom fheuchaint;
Shaoil mé nach n-deunfad dochair duit dá d-tiocfá steach's mé iarraidh,
'S gur b'í do phóigín thabhairfeadh sólás dam dá m-beidhinn i lár an bh-fiabhrais.

II

Dá m-beidheadh maoin agam-sa, agus airgead in mo phóca
Dheunfainn bóithrín aithghearrach go dorus tighe mo stóirín,
Mar shúil le Dia go g-cluinfinn-se torann binn a bhróga,
Mar is fad ó 'n lá nar chodail mé acht ag súil le bias a phóigín.

III

A's shaoil mise, a stóirín, go m-ba gealach agus grian thú,
A's shaoil mé 'nna dhiaidh sin go m-ba sueachta air an t-sliabh thu:
A's shaoil mé 'nna dhiaidh sin go m-ba lochrann ó Dhia thú,
No gurab tú an reult eolais ag dul rómham a's mo dhiaigh thú.

IV

Gheall tú síoda agus saitin dam, bhéilidhe a's bróga árda.
A's gheall tú thar éis sin dam go leanfá thrid an t-snámh mé;
Ní mar sin atá mé, acht' mo sgeach a m-beul beárna
Gach nóin a's gach maidin ag feitheadh air theach m' athar.

[*Translation.*]

Deceived and Forsaken.

I

Youth of the curled ringlets to whom I once was darling,
Last night thou camest by this way and never called to see me;
I thought it would not harm thee if thou saidst e'en "How are you?"—
And thy kisses would restore me were I lying low in fever.

II

Had I but means and money, and the world's wealth about me,
I'd make a private short way to thy door, O love, O *storeen*,
That I might hear but e'en the sounds thy loved feet make in walking,
For long I've been from this cold day, a waiting for thy kisses.

III

I thought thou wert, my loved one, the sun and moon and heaven,
And after that I thought thou wert the white snow on the mountain;
And after that I thought thou wert a lamp that God did send me,—
A guiding star before me, and radiant light all round me.

IV

Thou saidst I should have satins and silks and rich apparel,
And that thou wouldst for my sweet sake swim over the broad ocean;
But now I'm left forlorn with no home, no friend, no shelter,
And watching night and morning the loved cabin of my father.

THE PHYSICIAN AS A DESPOT.

We Know the Doctor Is Fallible, Yet We Trust Him Implicitly.

Without any pretense of faith in any doctor who is not regular, and without prejudice to a sincere intention of calling in a thoroughly instructed and expert practitioner whenever occasion demands, it is still permissible to smile amiably at the professional jealousy of quacks. The successful physician, with exceptions which happily are much more numerous than they were, is the most intolerant despot on earth. And we encourage him to be so.

We are vaguely aware of the limitations of his knowledge; we know that he has to guess first what is the matter with us, and next what will do us good, and that though there are facts his acquaintance with which helps him to guess right, many theories that regulate his professional action are still hypothetical, and may or may not be correct. We know that he has discovered that many of the methods his father used were unwise and deleterious, and that the doses his grandfather gave often hastened the result they were intended to prevent and hindered what they were designed to induce.

We know not only that he is a man, and therefore fallible, but that his professional science, like his father's and grandfather's, is progressive, and is still very far from being exact. Nevertheless when anything ails us, in spite of all we know of his limitations, we fly to him as though he were all wise, and do as nearly what he tells us as our flesh and our pockets permit. For we believe that, erring and inadequate as he is, he knows more than we do, and that his knowledge is, on the whole, the best that is at our command.

The childlike trust in our physicians is a phenomenon which is creditable to us and to our doctors, and from which we both get benefit. Undoubtedly our physicians do us good, and indeed they ought to, even if they knew less and guessed less fortunately than they do, else were faith a much less potent virtue than it is declared to be.

But it is one thing for us to flock of our own accord to the doctors, and quite another thing for those professional gentlemen to hold that we shall come to them and to none else, and that we may neither be legitimately born, nor die legally, except with the concurrence of the learned faculty.—Scribner's.

Pastimes of City Boys.

A singular game has for its foundation an ash barrel. Across the top of this is placed a board two or three inches in width, which projects about the same distance over the rims of the barrel. On one of these projecting ends a ball is balanced; the batsman then takes his bat and with all his strength strikes the other end of the board. The ball flies up and away in a before unknown direction, and the batsman, should he not be caught out, attempts to run to a base and return before the ball can be fielded "home."

Look above you at the telegraph wires. Sooner or later they become the natural end of every kite flown in this street, and the tattered fragments with which the wires are adorned bear witness that kite flying is a popular pastime, even if disastrous to the kites. In this sport country boys may fairly claim superiority. Comparatively few city boys know how to fly a kite; they never seem able to manage the tail. Kites in the city can only be successfully flown from the housetops.

Marbles we see of every kind, "miggles" and "alleys," "taws" and "agates." Generally the games are played in a ring drawn with chalk on the sidewalk, for holes are not made or found here so easily as they are in a country playground.—Frank M. Chapman in St. Nicholas.

The Masher Mashed.

"I want some nice little thing for my wife—something that'll please her," said Masham. "Perhaps you could suggest something."

"Yes," said the saleslady. "I think a telegram saying a house has fallen on you ought to please her."—New York Herald.

Failure to Some One.

"Is marriage a failure?" asked the youth.

"Yes, to Alice Ponsonby," answered the maid as she gazed down at the ring which Horace Fledgely had given her.—Jewelers' Circular.

Who Haunts You?

Now think a minute. Is there not some unknown person whom you are always meeting in this great city without any reason for it? I have asked a great many people, and find that nearly everybody is haunted by some stranger. Just at present I am haunted by a red headed girl, who has freckles and a turn up nose and wears a light gray dress. She turns up at all sorts of unexpected places. No matter where I go to lunch that red headed girl is sure to pass me on the way. Every day or two I meet her in the "L" car. I change the line, but sure as fate there she is. If I go out between the acts at the theater that red headed girl walks by. And so it goes, until now I have got to absolutely dread her.

The worst of it is that she is a nice looking girl and never seems to see me.—New York Herald.

Blasting by Electricity.

A novel method of blasting by electricity has been invented by a Swedish engineer. As described, he employs a volta arc produced between two carbon rods placed parallel. When the arc is moved close to the spot where blasting is to be effected an intense local heat is created, followed by expansion, which has the effect of splitting the rock.—New York Telegram.

The Acme of Meanness.

Robinson—Brown is awfully stingy.

Watkins—You bet he is. He won't even allow a joke cracked at his expense if he can help it.—Kate Field's Washington.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held.

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Galigan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2924 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Edwin Kelly, S. J., pastor. Residence 417 Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 7:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 668 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. M. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2038 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 35th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. M. J. Dunne, pastor. Residence 3549 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomuck Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a. m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 206 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. S. M. A. Barrett, pastor. Residence 235 N. Sangamon st.

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. M. Neumann, C. S. P., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. H. Bronsgeest, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 333 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 564 Ashland av.

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of Metzegor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 2634 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 492 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st., between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M.—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Hurlbut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Jos. Essing, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 324 Hurlbut st.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 404 Congress st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Father Abbott, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 162 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2964 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. George Raths, pastor

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 833 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 321 N. Paulina street.

St. Stanislaus Kostka—Noble and Ingraham sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7:30, 8, and 9:30 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Vincent Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Charles Borromeo's — Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a.m 9 high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p.m. Rev. P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st.

St. Mary's of Perpetual Help—Lancaster and Thirty-second sts. Mass at 8 a.m.; high mass at 10. Attended from St. Adalbert's, Seventeenth and Paulina sts.

St. Joseph's—North Market and Hill sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a.m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p.m. Rev. B. Dolwick, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 209 N. Market

Church of Our Lady of Sorrows—W Jackson and Albany sts. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. A. Venturi, C. S., pastor Residence 1406 W. Jackson st.

St. George's—Wentworth ave., bet. 39th and 40th sts. Masses at 8 and 10 a. m.; Christian duties and vespers at 2:30 and 3 p. m. Rev. G. D. Heldmann, pastor. Residence 3919 Fifth av.

Holy Angels'—964 Oakwood Boulevard. Masses at 6, 7:30, 9 and 10 a. m; high mass at 11 a m; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m; vespers, instruction and benediction at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. A. Tighe, pastor.

St. Boniface's—Noble and Cornell streets. Masses at 7:30 and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Clement Vens, pastor. Residence, 84 Cornell st.

St. Wenceslaus'—DeKoven and Desplaines sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Joseph Molitor, pastor. Residence 187 DeKoven st.

St. Josaphat's Church—Selden and Southport aves. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 4 p m. Rev. K. Kozlowski, pastor. Residence 298 Southport av.

St. Adelbert—Corner Paulina and W. Seventeenth sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev J. Radajewski, pastor. Residence 712 W Seventeenth st

BREAK FOR LIBERTY.

Seven Convicts Try to Escape from a Stockade.

ONE KILLED AND THREE WOUNDED.

Two Guards Also Killed and Another Seriously Hurt—Two of the Convicts Succeed in Making Their Escape—Disgusting and Brutal Fight Between Two Men in Pennsylvania—Arrested for Violating the Postal Laws.

COLE CITY, Ga., June 23.—Seven convicts at Cole City attempted to escape from the stockade Tuesday morning. One of them named Largdell was killed and Ward and Palmer (white) and Jackson (colored) were fatally wounded. They were all armed, having overpowered the guards and secured guns, and in the fight killed Pat Bowland and Jack Rankins, guards, and wounded Captain Moreland, foreman, seriously. Those at large are negroes. At 5 o'clock Tuesday morning Captain J. Moreland, assistant warden at Slope camp, went into the stockade, where 200 convicts were confined. He was accompanied by Jesse Rankin, a night guard.

They Wanted Overalls.

After the convicts had been counted and the majority sent off to the coal mines seven asked to remain behind in order to be furnished with overalls, claiming that they had been working in a wet place in the mines. The seven were J. M. Lansdowne, S. H. Lansdowne (father and son), Sam Green, Wilson Palmer, John Rutherford, Abe Wayman and George Ward. As the assistant warden started for the gate Wilson Palmer, a burly white convict serving a term for safe-blowing, drew a revolver and ordered the officer's hands up. After relieving the officer of his pistol Palmer fired his revolver within a foot of the officer's face, inflicting a fatal wound.

Two Made Their Escape.

Rankin in the meantime had been overpowered, but struggling to his feet managed to escape by knocking down a convict. The seven desperate men made a rush for Captain Moreland's office, where they knew arms were kept. They secured a double barreled shotgun and barricaded the door. By this time the guards were aroused, and a general fusillade ensued, resulting in the casualties mentioned above. While the firing was in progress, Abe Wayman and John Rutherford made a break from the office and succeeded in escaping.

THEY FOUGHT LIKE DOGS.

Two Men Tear Each Other's Faces to Pieces with Their Teeth.

SHAMOKIN, Pa., June 23.—The most cruel and unique contest that ever took place in this part of the state, occurred early Monday morning in West Coal township, between Patrick Ryan and James Levitt. It was a biting match of ten rounds, in which the contestants were horribly abused. There had been some jealousy between them over Levitt's wife, it is alleged, and when the principals met they concluded to have a prize fight with bare knuckles. It was midnight when they met with a couple of hundred friends on a platform. After fighting a few rounds the principals agreed to throw the struggle into a biting match. Their hands were strapped behind their backs. Then time was called.

Horrible Brutality.

Ryan dodged Levitt's rush and before the latter recovered he was lacerating his opponent's cheek. Levitt immediately retaliated by sinking his grinders into Ryan's neck, cutting the skin and flesh. For an hour they snapped and growled at each other like ferocious bulldogs tearing each others' faces. Ryan sprang upon his half-fainting opponent and deliberately tore out of joint his lower jaw. The spectators, unable to stand further brutality, tore Ryan off and the men were carried home. At the termination of the cruel scene both fighters looked as though they had been torn by some wild beasts. Had they carved each other down the face with penknives the disfigurement could not have been worse. Such a horrible affair has never before disgraced the coal region.

Violated the Postal Laws.

SAGINAW, Mich., June 23.—Samuel A. Robinson, a citizen of Goodman, Huron county, was Monday held for trial by the United States commissioner in the United States district court for violating the postal laws. Robinson's wife is postmistress at Goodman, and her husband, suspecting her of holding correspondence with a well-known business man in this city, watched and saw her mail a letter Friday. He came here and obtained the letter from the postoffice under false representations. He gave bonds for his appearance in court.

Tarred and Feathered.

ST. PETER, Minn., June 23.—About 2 o'clock in the morning Michael Murphy, a farmer living five miles east of here, was called out of bed to doctor a sick horse. On opening the door of his house he was seized by four masked men, thrown to the ground and covered with a coat of tar and feathers. The party then rushed into the house and treated his housekeeper, who was in bed, in the same manner. No cause is assigned for the outrage. Murphy is in town instituting legal proceedings against the offenders, one of whom he recognized.

Mervin Kuhns on Trial.

TIFFIN, O., June 23.—The trial of Mervin Kuhns began in the common pleas court Monday. Kuhns is charged with the murder of William L. Campean at Fostoria, on the night of Nov. 16, and will be best remembered for the desperate fight he made near Fort Wayne against a posse of officers who were endeavoring to arrest him, in which he was shot seven times, and wounded one of his captors almost unto death.

Arrested on the Charge of Bigamy.

BENTON HARBOR, Mich., June 23.—Milton T. Middleton, book keeper for Kaufman, the tailor, corner of Clark and South Water streets, Chicago, was arrested here and placed in jail on a charge of bigamy. It is charged that Middleton has a wife and child in Philadelphia whom he deserted, was married to Miss Sarah Sells, of Benton Harbor, and thereafter resided in Chicago.

Bloody Deed of a Jealous Man.

BEVERLY, Mass., June 23.—Warren A. Shaw, whose wife keeps a boarding house on Howe street, entered the place Monday night and shot Henry L. Roberts, one of the boarders, in the back. He then shot Arthur C. Morgan, another boarder, in the breast, and one of his daughters, who interfered, was beaten over the head with a revolver. His other daughter, Lizzie, who came upon the scene at this time, was shot in the leg by the infuriated man. Shaw then ended his list of crimes by blowing out his brains. The cause of the shooting was jealousy. Morgan will probably die, but the others are not fatally hurt.

A Young Brute's Dastardly Work.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., June 23.—As the two Lathrop girls, aged respectively 14 and 9, were returning to their home from school at noon Monday, they were assaulted on the public street by a young brute 19 years old. The youngest girl was terribly maltreated. Her clothing was almost entirely torn from her person and she was so badly injured that she may die.

OIL PUMPING ON SUNDAY.

Important Decision Handed Down by a Pennsylvania Judge.

PITTSBURG, June 23.—Judge White handed down an opinion in the case of William M. Gillespie and Albert Varner, oil operators, for violating the law in doing work Sunday at their wells at Chartiers. The court held that the pumping of wells was not absolutely necessary, and was, therefore, a violation of the law. No harm would have been done, the court decided if the work had been stopped for a period of twenty four hours. The defendants were therefore found guilty and each one was fined $25 and costs. A bill of exceptions was immediately filed by the defendants, and the case will be taken to the supreme court.

Differs with the Producers.

The decision if affirmed will be far reaching in its effects. It has been the custom all over the oil fields to keep the pumps going on Sunday, producers claiming that if they stopped salt water would accumulate in the wells and ruin them. On this point Judge White said: "The testimony of other operators in the Chartiers field satisfies me that if pumping were stopped every Sunday the life of the well would not be shortened and the produce in the well would be as great. All wells die out in a few years, but they die out from exhaustion of the oil."

Speech by Senator Peffer.

NEW YORK, June 23.—Senator Peffer, of Kansas, spoke at the mass meeting at Cooper Union Monday night under the auspices of the Citizens' Alliance association. About 700 persons were present. The senator was cordially received. He said among other things that affairs had come to such a state in this country that whenever the men of Wall street dictated a policy of government that policy was adopted. Whenever Wall street men needed money, all they had to do was to ask their partners in Washington for it. He contrasted the treatment of those men with that received by the farmers and the workmen. He predicted that the Alliance would conquer with their votes and a change would surely come.

The Liberals Stick to Free Trade.

LONDON, June 23.—The St. James Gazette insists that England must do something to offset the new continental zollverein and that the best thing that she can do is to form a zollverein of the mother country and the colonies in accord with the principles and objects of the imperial federation league. This sentiment finds a strong echo in the Tory ranks and workingmen's clubs, but nothing is heard in its favor among the Liberals, with whom free trade with all the world is still a predominant principle.

Mysterious Disappearance.

CHAMPAIGN, Ills., June 23.—A. H. Kreller, who was visiting in this city, took the Illinois Central train for Chicago June 16, but did not reach there. Although a diligent search has been made the least clew to his whereabouts after reaching the depot in this city has not been found. Mr. Kreller is a contractor and builder residing in Chicago, and a young man of good habits. His friends and relatives are bewildered over the mysterious disappearance, and entertain suspicions of foul play.

Nashville Bank Suspends Payment.

NASHVILLE, June 23.—The Nashville Savings bank, an old and heretofore considered a thoroughly reliable banking institution of this city, closed its doors at 2 o'clock Monday afternoon. Its managers, Messrs. Julius and Max Sax, claim the suspension of business is due to stringency of money and their inability to get rediscounts in the east. Messrs. Sax believe they will be able to reopen their bank in a month and pay their depositors in full. The assets are $664,956. The liabilities will be about the same.

Drowned in Sight of His Mother.

WASHINGTON, June 23.—Two sad cases of drowning occurred here Monday of boys about 15 years of age. One of them, Charles Davis, while carrying a milk can on board a steamboat slipped from a gang plank, and, although a brave man jumped after him and tried to save him, he went down, within sight of his frantic and heart broken mother, who stood on the wharf. The other, Rodger Connell, a colored boy, while bathing got beyond his depth and, like the Davis boy, lost his life.

Wreckage from the Trenton and Vandalia.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 23.—The schooner Sea Waif, from Apia, Samoa, arrived here Monday. She had a cargo of wreckage from the United States ships Trenton and Vandalia, wrecked in the hurricane of March, 1889, at Apia. She also had on board the remains of twenty seamen belonging to those vessels who were drowned at the time. The men will be buried at Mare Island navy yard.

"Old Hutch" at New York.

NEW YORK, June 23.—Mr. B. P. Hutchinson, of Chicago, better known as "Old Hutch," the famous speculator, arrived in this city Sunday from Boston. He is stopping at the Astor House. "Old Hutch" has been on a vacation for five weeks at Nantasket Beach and other eastern points to enable him to recuperate.

An Approaching Wedding.

CEDAR RAPIDS, Ia., June 23.—Cards were issued at Vinton Tuesday announcing the marriage of Cato Sells, candidate for secretary of state on the Democratic ticket in 1886, to Miss Lola Abbott McDaniel June 30.

Minister's Assailant Sentenced.

NEW YORK, June 23.—William Manser, who was tried and convicted Monday of assaulting the Rev. Clark Wright with a pistol on June 6, was sentenced to nine years' imprisonment.

TERRIFIC CLOUDBURST.

The Village of Utica, Ills., Deluged in a Minute.

PEOPLE BECOME PANIC-STRICKEN.

Boats Pressed into Service to Rescue Those Who Were Imprisoned by the Water—A Great Deal of Property Damaged—The Illinois River Valley Swept by Terrific Rainstorms—Three Children Lose Their Lives by Drowning.

OTTAWA, Ills., June 19.—The village of Utica, nine miles west of here, was the scene of a cloudburst Thursday that is almost without parallel. A few minutes before noon an ominous looking cloud was observed hanging over the village and with a peculiar relling motion shifted first east, then northward, and then apparently rolling back upon its path until it came directly over the town. The darkness that attended the gathering storm was like that of night. The people were terror stricken and looked at one another in speechless suspense. Suddenly the floodgates of the heavens were opened and at one awful burst a torrent poured itself upon the village, and almost instantly the streets were buried under water that rose over lawns, porches, and then into the houses, driving the people from their homes and their places of business to seek safety on the highest points available.

Six Feet of Water.

The excitement and anguish of the fleeing panic-stricken villagers was terrible in the extreme. Many of them believed their last hour had come. Mothers hugged their children to their breasts and prayed for deliverance. Others, not entirely paralyzed with fear, devoted themselves to saving their property from ruin. Merchants removed their goods to upper floors. Small boats were pressed into service and persons imprisoned by the water were removed to places of safety. Within a few minutes of the cloudburst the water was fully six feet deep in the streets. It began receding at 2 o'clock, when the great damage to property could be discerned. Sidewalks, fences and bridges were washed away; dwellings and places of business were partially ruined, and household goods on the lower floors were rendered worthless. In the manufacturing portion of the place the damage was great. The fires in the kilns of the Utica firebrick works were put out and the contents ruined and the kilns badly damaged. The cement company also met with a heavy loss.

Railway Bridge Washed Away.

The Rock Island's new double-track iron railroad bridge over the Peguin Soggin creek was washed away, and four cars on a siding at the new cement works were carried down the stream. The canal bank broke in several places, which increased the volume of water, and lock No. 13, just west of Utica, was torn out. Trains on the Rock Island road for the west were run to this point from Chicago, thence to Streeter by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, and to La Salle over the Illinois Valley and Northern. The same route was taken by east-bound passenger trains. Freights were not run at all. Thursday night large gangs of men were at work removing the great beds of sand which washed upon the track from the Utica pits, while others were replacing the broken bridge. The loss is hard to approximate, but $150,000 is a conservative figure.

THREE CHILDREN DROWNED.

Terrible Effects of the Storm in the Illinois River Valley.

PEORIA, Ills., June 19.—Terrible rainstorms swept through the Illinois river valley, doing a great amount of damage to crops, gardens, and fences. In Hilton, a small town across the river from Peoria, numerous houses were washed from their foundations and the people fled in their nightclothes to the railroad grade and the hills. The water in houses at Farmdale, seven miles east, rose to a depth of three feet, and the people narrowly escaped drowning. Herds of cattle, horses, hogs, and chickens were swept away, and the crops of farmers for a large tract of land in the valley were utterly ruined.

Perished in the Flames.

The only fatality reported was in the Copperas creek valley, just across the line in Fulton county. A family named Gray had a cabin in the valley and when the flood left the banks of Copperas creek and rushed down the valley the inmates grew alarmed. The father took his three boys and started to the hills, while the mother refused to leave the house. When halfway across the valley a floating log struck Gray and stunned him. The rushing waters drowned the boys (aged 12, 8 and 5), and he narrowly escaped by clinging to the log. His wife got on the roof of the house and was rescued. The damage to bridges, railroad tracks and crops will reach thousands of dollars.

Cyclone at Cairo, Ill.

CAIRO, June 22.—A cyclone Sunday afternoon did considerable damage, unroofing a great many houses, tearing up trees by the roots, blowing cars off the railroad tracks, and knocking all the telegraph wires down. L. M. Lass of the derrick boat was blown from the bank across the river onto the sandbar. The ferryboat Gwynn from Paducah, with an excursion party for Cairo, just landing, was blown over to the Kentucky shore. Aside from roofs and shrubbery very little damage was done in this city. There was no loss of life.

Made Man and Wife.

KEOKUK, June 18.—The marriage of Miss Georgia Kilbourne, daughter of Mrs. George Kilbourne, of this city, and John M. Schofield, major general, commanding the armies of the United States, took place at high noon Thursday in St. John's Episcopal church. All of Keokuk's exclusive society was present to witness the ceremony. A few friends of the family from Chicago and elsewhere also attended, but in the main the audience was made up of residents of Keokuk. The following gentlemen acted as ushers: Wells Kilbourne, of Cleveland, brother of the bride; David Buel, of Keokuk, cousin of the bride; Howard Elliot., of St. Louis; Colin C. H. Fyffe, and William Fyffe, of Chicago, and J. H. Sturgis, of Boston.

Machinists and Blacksmiths to Organize.

NEW YORK, June 23.—The convention of machinists, blacksmiths and blacksmiths' helpers decided yesterday to organize under the name of the International Machinists' Union of America.

DEATH ENDS HIS SUFFERING.

Ex-Senator McDonald Passes Away After a Lingering Illness.

INDIANAPOLIS, June 22. — Ex-Senator McDonald died at 11:35 Sunday night. He had lain in a comatose condition since 8:01 o'clock and at 9:01 o'clock began the irregular breathing that showed demise was near. His death was peaceful and as if falling asleep. The funeral will occur Wednesday afternoon. Mr. McDonald told Dr. Runnells Sunday morning for the first time of his total abandonment of all hope of recovery. His strength had shown a decided break, and opiates were administered Sunday evening to relieve the continuous and painful hiccoughing.

His Faith in Christ.

At 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon the communion was partaken of by him at the hands of the Rev. Dr. M. L. Harris, of the First Presbyterian church, in the absence of his pastor, the Rev. Joseph Milburn, of the Second church. The elders of the latter church and the immediate relatives participated in the service. Senator McDonald's mind was perfectly clear, and at the close he said he desired the communion as a testimony of his faith in Christ. He shook hands with all present, and said that now he would receive no more visitors. Shortly afterward he fell into an unconscious state, in which he remained till death.

SUFFOCATED BY GAS.

Carelessness Results in the Death of Four Servant Girls.

NEW YORK, June 22.—Jennie Grossman, aged 22 years, a Hungarian; Katie Keefe, aged 17 years, and Agnes Sears, aged 18 years, the latter two Irish girls, were found dead in bed in their room at 10 East Eighty-sixth street, early Saturday morning. They had been suffocated by gas. The girls were domestics in the employ of Otto Getzhard.

CHICAGO, June 22.—Emma Johnson, a servant girl at 4929 Ashland avenue, was asphyxiated Friday night by gas. The girl retired about 10 o'clock and did not turn the gas jet completely off. She was found dead in bed in the morning.

GREAT AMERICAN DERBY.

Strathmeath Wins, Poet Scout Second and Kingman Third.

CHICAGO, June 22.—The great American Derby was witnessed by many thousands of people at the Washington Park club Saturday. It was the most fashionable turnout ever witnessed on the track. The weather was as fine as could be wished for, although the track was heavy. The Derby resulted: Strathmeath first, Poet Scout second, Kingman third; time, 2:49¼.

Against a World's Fair Appropriation.

ATLANTA, June 22.—The Evening Journal addressed a letter to each member of the Georgia legislature which meets next month, inquiring as to whether he would vote for a state appropriation for an exhibit at the World's fair. The Journal Saturday printed seventy-one replies received to date, of which fifty-eight are unqualifiedly against any appropriation on certain conditions, and seven are non-committal. This makes it practically certain that the legislature will make no appropriation for the World's fair.

Escape of a "Trusty."

MARQUETTE, Mich., June 22.—John Purtill, a four-year convict at the state prison, escaped Sunday afternoon. Purtill has been considered a "trusty." He went into the yard in the afternoon, the guard on the wall having been withdrawn at noon as usual. The machinist had a long piece of gas pipe drilled with a number of holes in the yard. This Purtill bent into a hook and making steps out of some old spikes succeeded in scaling the wall, though he has but one hand.

Prison Ship for Behring Sea.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 22.—The steamer Al-Ki, which has been chartered by the United States government for service about Alaska, will be ready for sea. It is said she will be used as a prison ship and will be stationed at Ounalaska, to which place all crews of sealers caught violating the law will be taken. A force of marines will be sent north on her to act as a guard for prisoners should any be captured.

Will Hold Philadelphia Responsible.

PHILADELPHIA, June 22.—The city authorities received Friday their official notification that the state of Pennsylvania intended to hold the municipality responsible for the state funds which have disappeared under Bardsley's manipulation. It is more than probable that this is the beginning of tedius litigation, as there is a variety of opinion as to who is responsible to the state for its losses.

Negro Rapist Hanged.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., June 19.—Sim Johnson, the negro who criminally assaulted Alice Bailey, a white girl, last April, was hanged in the jail yard at 11 o'clock Friday morning. He made no statement on the scaffold. He met his fate nervously and struggled to release himself. There was a very large crowd but perfect order prevailed.

Hit Healy in the Face.

DUBLIN, June 22.—Among those who Sunday attended the funeral of Colonel O'Gorman Mahon (The O'Gorman Mahon), late member of parliament for Carlow, were Messrs. Parnell and Healy. After the funeral a disturbance took place in which Healy received a violent blow in the face. His assailant was promptly arrested.

Suicide of a Wife Killer.

LACON, Ills., June 22.—Peter Holler, a German saloon keeper, who murdered his wife in this city on March 4, and was tried last week and sentenced to fourteen years' hard labor in the Joliet penitentiary, committed suicide in his cell at the county jail Sunday morning by hanging himself with a strip of his blanket.

Fatal Cattle Disease.

BOONE, Ia., June 22.—In the southeastern part of Boone county and in the adjoining townships of Story a peculiar and fatal disease is raging among cattle and large numbers have died. The cause has not been discovered thus far. The disease is confined to a couple of town ships.

Herr Most Resenteneed.

NEW YORK, June 19.—John Most, the anarchist, appeared in court Friday for resentence, his appeal to the courts for a new trial having been denied. Judge Cowing sentenced him to one year's imprisonment. He took his sentence stoically.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

William Walter Phelps, the United States minister to Germany, is ill with influenza. He has been confined to his bed three days.

It is said by his friends that Congressman Mills, who will be in Washington for the next few weeks, proposes to write a popular book on the tariff.

John C. Emery and Joseph Salus, both butchers, quarreled at Philadelphia, when Salus struck Emery in the neck with a cleaver, killing him instantly.

Peter Le Doux, a Superior, Wis., Indian fisherman, was adrift for twelve hours during the terrible storm that raged on Lake Superior, in a canoe. Le Doux clung to the frail craft until rescued by two fishermen.

Guthrie county, Iowa, assessors find that county to contain 1,642 dogs and 1,823 sheep.

Pel Degman, a farmer of Colfax county, Neb., claims to have cut and sold from his farm 125 cords of wood from trees planted on the place some years ago.

Mrs. Eliza McDaniels, a poor washwoman of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, was held up by a burglar in her house Saturday night and at the point of a revolver compelled to yield up her week's earnings, between $5 and $6. The amount of her loss was made good by her neighbors.

During a dance at Richland, S. D., Monday evening, John Cassiday was shot and instantly killed by an unknown party. Jealousy is supposed to have prompted the deed.

It takes a sailing vessel 125 days to sail from Philadelphia to San Francisco.

The Portuguese minister of the interior is preparing a bill to prevent Portuguese emigration to America.

A passenger train was wrecked Monday morning on the Milwaukee & Northern railroad near Holstein, Wis. Several persons were injured but none fatally.

K. H. Seibel, an old citizen of Burlington, Ia., disappeared last week. His body was found in the river. Despondency is thought to have caused the suicide.

Earthquake shocks were felt Monday at Castel Nuovo, Peschier, Semma Compagna and Desenzano, Italy.

Harvey Woods, a blacksmith living at Beloit, Ohio, was struck by lightning while working at his forge and instantly killed.

The upper house of the Prussian diet has passed the bill restoring to the Roman Catholic dioceses the funds which were seized at the time of the Kulturkampf.

More trouble is brewing among western roads on account of passenger rates.

John Craig cut Henry Rucker's throat at Cynthiana, Ky., in a quarrel over a game of cards. Both men are colored.

An epidemic of small pox has broken out in Nebraska city, Neb. Several families have been quarantined.

John R. McLean officially and editorially reiterates in his Cincinnati Enquirer that he is not a candidate for the United States senate.

At Colorado Springs, Col., John Chapman shot and instantly killed his deranged son Wallace, who was pursuing him with stones.

W. C. Wolf, a printer, 85 years old, who had worked at his trade until two weeks ago, committed suicide at Coshocton, O.

Wesley Beckel, of Elkhart, Ind., was killed by a locomotive at Benton Harbor. He leaves a wife and two children.

At Trinidad, Col., Arthur L. Cammel, said to be a cousin of the Wilson who figured in the baccarat scandal, fell from a window while intoxicated and was killed.

J. M. Whittaker, of Falls City, Kan., and Pool Grinstead, of Moniel, Kan., rival editors, have been abusing each other in their respective papers. They met at Hiawatha and tried to kill each other, but were unsuccessful.

Thirty-seven young ladies were endowed with the white veil of novices at the Convent of Notre Dame at Milwaukee, Wis., Tuesday.

The lime quarry strike at Huntington, Ind., is practically ended. Forty-four men have signed an agreement to go to work, and others announce their willingness to do so.

The senate of the National Union began its sessions at Milwaukee Tuesday. A membership of 29,425 was reported, the increase for the past year reaching 7,021. The year's disbursements from the benefit fund aggregated $138,000.

In accordance with an act of congress, a new United States court of appeals was organized Tuesday at St. Louis, by Associate Justice Brewer, of the United States supreme court, assisted by Circuit Judge Caldwell and District Judge Thayer; at San Francisco by Justice Field, of the United States supreme court, and Circuit Judge Sawyer, and at Cincinnati by Circuit Judges Browne, of Michigan; Jackson, of Tennessee, and District Judge Sage, of Cincinnati.

The Duchess of Castro Enriquez of Spain is in jail on a charge of maltreating a maid-servant.

W. E. Thomas, a night telegraph operator of Troy, Ohio, was murdered and robbed. Two tramps have been arrested on suspicion.

The census office has made public the tobacco statistics of Indiana. The total number of planters in the state during the census year was 4,457; the total area devoted to tobacco 9,373 acres; the total product 7,710,297 pounds, and the value of the crop $384,370.

Assistant Secretary Nettleton has directed that Mrs. McLean and three children who recently arrived at Boston from Charlottetown, P. E. I., be returned as they are likely to become public charges.

Tuesday evening in Rome a zinc box full of dynamite was exploded beneath the Capitoline monument inscribed to Victor Emmanuel, Garibaldi, Cavor and Mazini. The monument was not seriously damaged. The outrage is attributed to the extremists of the clerical party.

Ten cars with merchandise were demolished in a freight wreck on the Illinois Central at Apple River, Ills.

Secretary Mohler, of the agricultural bureau, says that the reports about a big wheat crop in Kansas had been greatly exaggerated. He says there will be three-fourths of an average crop.

The mayoralty of Maroa, Ills., was decided by lot Tuesday. Frank Potter, the saloon candidate, winning.

An Osborne county, Kan., man with a pack of hounds is bagging from ten to fifteen wolf scalps a day, on which he realizes $3 apiece.

The lawyers of Col. King, who killed David Posten at Memphis, Tenn., are attempting to establish the insanity of their patient.

The executors of Lawrence Barrett's will have reported that his estate is valued at $22?,000. In a letter to his wife the tragedian bequeathed his Cassius armor and sword to the Players' club in New York.

M. J. Killion, of St. Louis, attempted suicide while confined in jail at Carthage, Mo., for stealing a valise. He was formerly a member of the New York legislature.

At Dandschau, Germany, a blind woman, tramp and three children, who took refuge in a barn for the night, were burned to death. The barn was accidentally set on fire, and the smoke was so dense that the occupants were unable to find their way to the doors and perished.

A plan is alleged to have been discovered in Guatemala to annex that Republic to the United States.

The Marlborough club committee explains that the Prince of Wales had nothing to do with the election of Mr. Arthur Wilson as a member of that organization as had been stated. They say that Mr. Wilson was proposed as a candidate in March, 1889, and was elected in February last.

At New Orleans Thursday Bernard Glandi was sentenced to one year in the penitentiary for attempting to bribe a tales juror in the Hennessey case.

At the sale of California horses at New York Thursday a chestnut filly by Sir Modred, out of Mollie Walton, brought $4,600; a brown colt by Sir Modred, out of Lulu, $3,000; and a black colt by Hidalgo, out of My Love, $4,300.

At Lyons, Ia., Ira Stebbins is under arrest for assaulting the little daughter of L. A. McGee.

James Hannicat, of Ottumwa, Ia., has been convicted of violating pension laws.

Alfred P. Johnson was suffocated by carbonic acid gas while cleaning a well at Princeton, Ills.

The bodies of seventy-five victims of the terrible disaster which occurred near Moenchenstein, June 14, are known to be still missing. The last carriage of the ill-fated excursion train remains imbedded in the river, and it is believed that it is crowded with the remains of third-class passengers.

John L. Sullivan declares that he will be ready to fight any man in the world after his return from Australia in December.

Grasshoppers are reported in large quantities in Otter Tail and Marshall counties, Minn., and much damage, it is feared, will result to crops.

At a newspaper exhibition in Paris there are 6,000 specimens of journalism from all parts of the world.

W. J. Rainer, of Butler county, Pa., was picked up by a vicious horse and shaken till one arm was broken.

Seattle, Wash., is said to have 2,000 idle laborers standing around the streets with no prospects of work.

It is said that the wine product of California this year will reach 18,000,000 or 20,000,000 gallons—the largest for years.

Milwaukee tanners have contracted this season for $637,000 worth of tanbark.

George W. King, of Kewaunee, was elected colonel of the Sons of Veterans at the state convention at La Cross.

Lord Salisbury has nominated two British representatives on the Behring sea arbitration commission, subject to the queen's approval.

George Haswell, of Denver, Colo., became a maniac on learning that the World's fair commissioners had accepted his proposition to issue souvenir medals at the World's fair.

It has been discovered that section 28 of the ballot reform bill passed by the late Illinois legislature, had been omitted, probably by the engrossing clerk.

The June report of the Iowa weather and crop service shows crops of all kinds to be much above the average.

William Wagner, of Richland county, Ills., was killed by the fast mail on the Ohio and Mississippi, between Clay City and Noble.

At Paris, Ills, the clothing of George Kirtz, a miller, caught in the machinery and before he could be rescued the flesh was strripped from his right arm and a portion of his right side, leaving the bones exposed. He will die.

The Illinois state board of health has advices of twenty cases of diphtheria at Spring Lake, in Tazewell county.

A thoroughly organized band of boomers and home seekers is planning to take forcible possession of the homesteads on the Cherokee strip.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive engineers held their union meeting at Concord, N. H. About eleven hundred members were present. Grand Chief Arthur was in attendance.

The president, with his guests, attended divine service at Beadle's Memorial chapel, Cape May Point. The sermon was preached by Rev. N. L. Upman, of Philadelphia.

John Smith and Mary Goins were shot and killed by unknown parties during a fight at Winston, N. C.

Postal Clerk T. G. Frazer, of Trenton, Tenn., and Edwin, Metz, a colored laborer of Aberdeen, Miss., who were injured in the Illinois Central train wreck Friday night, died in the hospital at New Orleans Saturday night.

The bronze equestrian statue of General Grant for Lincoln park is cast and will be soon received in Chicago. The casting was done at Chicopee, Mass. The statue is the largest ever cast in this country.

George Francis Train has arrived at Cairo on his journey around the world. He has been forty-two days on the voyage and expects to complete his task by reaching Tacoma in sixty days from the time of starting.

William Walter Phelps, American minister to Berlin, who has been quite ill with influenza, is still confined to his bed. It is said that he has undergone a painful operation.

What is Scrofula

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which developes ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors." It is a more formidable enemy than consumption or cancer alone, for scrofula combines the worst possible features of both. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

How can it be cured? By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the cures it has accomplished, often when other medicines have failed, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. For all affections of the blood Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled, and some of the cures it has effected are really wonderful. If you suffer from scrofula in any of its various forms, be sure to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, JUNE 27, 1891

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.

Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"The County Fair."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.

Madison street, between Dearborn and State—"Blue Jeans."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.

Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—"Sinbad; or the Maid of Balsora."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Charles Frohman's Comedians.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.

Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Ladder of Life."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

South Halstead street near Madison.—"Ranch King."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.

Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.

Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and almost as seldom read.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

THE IRISH PEOPLE AND PARNELL.

A large number of circumstances combined to render the Parnell sympathy meeting at Central Music Hall last Saturday evening not quite as successful as it would otherwise have been. The date was unhappily chosen in the first place, because midsummer temperature and the American "Darby" were raging simultaneously, and they are always a formidable combination. There were also other attractions that militated more or less against the absolute success of the demonstration. But all these unfavorable conditions could have been easily overcome, only for the absence of one most essential element which is too often absent from Irish national concerns, namely unity. The numbers are here, the strength and enthusiasm are here, but the blessing of harmony is absent. Chicago Irishmen are at present rent by factions, and these will not harmonize because personal hatred seems to be stronger—wanting great excitement in Ireland itself—than patriotic self abnegation. It is Celtic human nature, and we have to make the best or the worst of it as the case may be, but our race can hardly be blamed for a hereditary malady. From the days of Dathi, the Pagan, to those of Brian, the Christian, and from his days to our own we—for THE CITIZEN will not separate itself from its kindred even in the matter of moral infirmities—have ever been too eager to fly at each other's throats, often for very trivial causes. Other people, it is true, have often fought among themselves, but, when assailed by a common enemy, they generally closed their ranks and marched with invincible front to victory and independence. God always smiles on the united battalions, whether they are "big" or the reverse. The reason Ireland has got the worst of it in her long struggle with England is that Ireland's sons cannot resist the temptation of "having it out" with one another before they achieve the liberty of their country.

Now, we have in Great Britain and Ireland the Parnellites and the McCarthyites, or Healyites; while in America the names and causes of faction are simply Legion. And yet, when the whole difference of opinion is duly investigated, it will be found that every real revolutionist, both here and across the Atlantic, is in favor of Mr. Parnell as visible leader of the Irish movement. Even the most powerful of the factions in this country is, at heart, strongly Parnellite, although, ostensibly, it fights his cause, for the reason, and it cannot be denied, that the Irish parliamentary leader has not always acted with his customary good judgment in dealing with the most potent portion of his Irish-American supporters. But this sin in him is not by any means unforgivable, and the THE CITIZEN repeats with emphasis that, in spite of appearances, every bona fide Irish Nationalist in America secretly favors Parnell, and will do so publicly if that statesman continues in the manly course he has followed since he cast aside the trammels of the miserable and accursed Whig alliance. THE CITIZEN says frankly that had Parnell been one fourth as bold and as able during the four years that elapsed between Gladstone's Home Rule bill and Gladstone's letter to Morley, as he has been since, nothing could have dethroned him in the affections of any section of the patriotic Irish people. As it is, he is rapidly growing in favor, and THE CITIZEN has no doubt that, eventually, all differences will be smoothed over, and Parnell will be again recognized as the supreme head of the Irish movement, reconstituted and reorganized.

It is a singular fact that the rank and file of the various Irish factions in America favor Parnell, and that they could be easily fused together if it were not for the hopelessly irreconcilable differences of those, who, for one reason or another, have influence over their actions. The soldiers would fraternize but the officers will not let them. Hence the whole difficulty.

There is much more than the mere question of individual leadership involved in Mr. Parnell's great battle against numerous, and, in many cases, formidable foes. The hierarchy, for example, fight him on the point of prestige, just as the same body fought Juarez in Mexico. If the prelates triumph in the struggle, farewell to all hope of an independent Ireland. The country will be ruled by the hierarchy in the interests of the Vatican, and the struggle for sectarian education will take the place of the struggle for Home Rule. England is prepared to give any reasonable concession to the church, if the latter once manifests its power of governing the Irish people. The Irish Protestants will be hopelessly estranged, and the two hostile camps will make any future struggle for legislative independence simply impossible. The national cause will be lost sight of, and the unfortunate traditions of the Boyne, now happily fading from the memory of the people, will be revivified in all their ancient fury.

England is entirely careless as to whether the Catholic or the Orange party predominates in Ireland, as long as the feuds created by either, or both, enable her to rule the island in her own interests. She is entirely indifferent as to whether, by the aid of a back door diplomat, she makes terms with the Pope in Rome or with the grand master of the Orangemen in Belfast. This has been her game since the Reformation. Previous to that period, she addressed her diplomatic efforts to the Vatican alone, and in that policy was eminently successful, as Irish history can, most sadly, prove.

Parnell, the individual, should, therefore, be lost sight of in the person of Parnell, "the institution," as Timothy Healy, in a passing moment of patriotic inspiration, truly called him in Leinster Hall. Leaders rarely rise in a day, a week or a year; and, although Parnell is very human, no man can deny his ability, his fidelity to the interests of Ireland, and his manly independence of English dictation.

Failing to destroy his character in the minds of the people by *Times* conspiracies, divorce court proceedings and reflections on his personal courage, Parnell's enemies have, as a last resort, assailed his financial integrity. THE CITIZEN, in answer to those outrageous charges, refers its readers to Mr. Parnell's speech, delivered at Inchecore, North Dublin, on June 7, a good report of which will be found in another column.

The cable is also being freely used to smirch the devoted leader. Among the latest slanders circulated against him through that agency is the rumor that either he or Mrs. O'Shea forged the name of Mr. Campbell, Parnell's private secretary, to certain compromising notes. THE CITIZEN, without hesitation, brands the story as a malicious fabrication, and when such means are resorted to for the destruction of a public man, it is time that every person with a spark of real chivalry in his nature, should stand up for and defend him. Shame upon those who, in the hour of his travail, would seek to trample in the dust Ireland's latest, and, for the resources at his disposal, most successful champion.

TERRIBLE RESULT OF ENGLISH RULE

When the poet Campbell wrote, some eighty or ninety years ago, the well known lines concerning the fate of Poland:

Bloodiest picture in the book of time,
Sarmatia fell unwept, without a crime!

he did not have a prophetic vision of Poland's wretched sister in misfortune, poor Ireland, before him. The Poles have been conquered and partitioned it is true, but even under harsh foreign masters they have increased and multiplied, and the material wealth of the people, although inferior to what it would have been under a native government, has not startlingly declined, as in Ireland. But worse even than the loss of wealth, is Ireland's unparalleled loss of population, an evil without comparison in ancient or modern times.

"That our readers may better understand," says an Irish paper, "the steady diminution that has been going on in Ireland for the past fifty years, and which is as yet unhappily far from being arrested, we append the figures of the last decennial census: 1841, 8,196,597; 1851, 6,574,278; 1861, 5,798,967; 1871, 5,412,377; 1881, 5,174,836; and 1891, 4,706,162, or a decrease of 468,674. Taking the decrease by provinces it comes out as follows: Leinster, 83,271, or 6 5 per cent; Munster, 162,121, or 12 2 per cent; Ulster, 125,198, or 7 2 per cent; Connacht, 98,084, or 11 9 per cent. There are only two counties in Ireland which show an increase upon the last census—Dublin, which in 1881 was 418,610, and which is now 429,111, or an increase of 10,201, equal to 2 4 per cent; and Antrim, which in 1881 was 421,942, which is now 427,968, or an increase of 6,025, equal to 1 4 per cent. Now, coming to the towns, we find that among the great cities Dublin and Belfast are the only two which show an increase. The population of Dublin is returned at 278,896, an increase of 5,614, equal to 2 1 per cent, while that of Belfast is 273,055, or an increase of 64,933, equal to 31 2 per cent.

"The population of Cork is 75,070, a decrease of 5,054; Limerick 37,072, decrease 1,490; Derry 32,893, increase 3,731; Waterford 21,695, decrease 764; Galway 13,746, decrease 1,725; Newry 13,218, decrease 1,597; Kilkenny 11,024, decrease 1,975; Drogheda 11,313, decrease 485; Wexford 11,541, decrease 622; Dundalk 13,207, increase 1,294; Sligo 10,110, decrease 698; Lurgan 11,447, decrease 692; Lisburn 9,517, decrease 618; and Armagh 8,303, decrease 1,767.

"With the exception of the two counties mentioned above (Dublin and Antrim) there has been a decrease in all other counties ranging from 16 2 per cent in Monaghan, 14.5 in Tipperary South Riding, and 13.9 in Longford, to 8 1 in Derry, 7 7 in Kildare, and 1 9 in Down."

What is the cause of it all? English rule—"only that and nothing more." The policy begun by Strongbow—the extermination of the native Irish—still continues, and will last just as long as the British parliament, contrary to the laws of nature and human rights, makes laws to bind the Irish people.

HIS HARSHIP, THE CABLE ASS.

An amusing paragraph appeared recently in the London dispatches to the American dailies. The gifted sender of the message attributed the falling off in the Irish population to Catholicism, and hinted that the rise in Scotland's population was due to the "sturdy Protestantism" of that country. Nobody except an ass of the broadest and most comprehensive proportions would think of drawing such conclusions from the overwhelming misfortunes of Ireland. Belgium, the most Catholic country in Europe, has the greatest population to the square mile to be found throughout the length and breadth of that division of the globe, and Belgium is among the most prosperous countries in the world. The asinine cable man ought to take several reefs in his ears, and also read up comparative statistics a little.

SWEET SCENTED WALES.

England's newest "fat friend," as poor "Beau" Brummel once called George IV, when that worthy—Albert Edward's granduncle—was Prince of Wales, is having a delectable time of it in the newspapers. A New York *World* correspondent—quite evidently a man of much observation and information—has unearthed many half forgotten and some heretofore unpublished scandals which implicate most awkwardly England's dissipated and reckless heir apparent, who has already sown, and reaped, so many crops of exceedingly wild oats. The correspondent is not particularly complimentary to the English people in dealing with the character of Wales. Thus, he says:

"During the last few weeks the Prince of Wales has been made the object of no end of criticism and abuse. He has been assailed both at home and abroad in the most unmeasured manner, and has been held up to obloquy as a man thoroughly unfitted to sit on the throne of Great Britain. Indeed, there has been some talk concerning the possibility of his abdicating his rights of succession to his eldest son. Of course there is not the least probability of his doing so, nor would his fellow countrymen approve of any such extraordinary course. For while the English people are never so happy as when abusing him and his foibles, they would be in despair if his conduct were irreproachable. This may sound paradoxical. But the average Briton is a queer and somewhat illogical animal. He infinitely prefers the questionable character of an Alcibiades to that of an Aristides, and were the Prince of Wales to attempt to emulate his father's blameless existence he would lose his popularity both among the classes and the masses and would be taxed, just as his father used to be, with priggishness. The Englishman wants for his king not a saint, but a fellow man who reflects the failings as well as the virtues of the nation, and whose foibles form a sort of bond of human sympathy between the people and the throne. The best proof of the truth of my assertion is the immeasurably superior popularity of the Prince of Wales over that enjoyed by his brother, the Duke of Connaught, and by his father, the late Prince Consort—patterns of respectability both of them. Their names are entirely free from any species of scandal, and the consequence is that although they won the respect they never obtained the affection of the average Englishman, who is apt to feel out of touch with such paragons of virtue."

The *World* then goes on to compare Wales with Napoleon III, of whom he was an intimate associate, and dwells upon his talent for intrigue and his love for doubtful associates. He has no hesitation whatever in being on terms of the closest intimacy with the brazen mistresses of his fashionable friends, and, in fact, much prefers their free and easy society to that of the more virtuous. "Thus," says the correspondent, "he is a constant visitor to the house of Lord Marcus Beresford, whose establishment is presided over by the lovely but exceedingly notorious Mrs. Charlie Buller. The latter is the daughter of the late Gen. Ridley, and eloped from her first husband, Col. Kingscote, of the Artillery, with Capt. Charles Buller of the Horse Guards, an officer whose claims to fame are based upon his record as a cricketer and as the first discoverer of Mabel Gray, the London counterpart of the Parisian Cora Pearl. Subsequently the divorce court permitted Mrs. Kingscote to contract a marriage with Capt. Buller. Matrimony, however, in its legal form proved far too commonplace to suit her, and she in course of time abandoned Buller for Lord Marcus Beresford. Once more she figured as the heroine of a divorce case, Lord Marcus being the co-respondent. But although the charges against her were proved, yet the character of Buller was such that he was held to have been a cognizant and consenting party to her infidelity. The result was that the Queen's proctor intervened and the divorce was refused. Since then she has lived openly with Lord Marcus as his wife. Although the number of her liasons has been such that she is popularly known by the name of 'Unlimited Loo,' and that at the time of her last appearance in the divorce court it was suggested that the entire Carlton Club should be included among the list of corespondents, yet her boudoir and drawingrooms are crowded with portraits of the Prince of Wales bearing his royal autograph, and in many cases a few words of affection and admiration for his 'dear Loo.'"

Wales has now lived long enough to be occasionally confronted with unpleasant reminders of early escapades. The *World* writer tells the following anecdote in connection with a once famous scandal:

"Another faux menage of the same character is that of Sir Frederick Johnstone, the well known sporting Baronet. On several occasions when the Prince has paid his customary spring visit to the Riviera he has staid with Sir Frederick at the latter's lovely villa near Nice. The lady who on these occasions has acted as hostess to the Prince, and who figures as the mistress both of the establishment and its proprietor, is Lady Capel Brooke, now a widow, but formerly the wife of the late Sir Capel Brooke, from whom she eloped with Sir Frederick Johnstone. Although both she herself and her lover are now free to legalize their relations by marriage, they seem to fear that matrimony would destroy the piquancy of their relations, and accordingly have determined to dispense with its bonds. Although they live openly together and their liason is of the most shameless and public character, it does not prevent the Prince of Wales figuring openly as the guest of this faux menage, nor does it interfere with Sir Frederick's status as one of the most welcome guests of Marlborough House and Sandringham. He goes there by the name of 'Freddy'—the Prince pronounces it 'Frrrredy'—and is treated by the entire family as the amico della casa. On the occasion of one of his stays at Sandringham three years ago, his fellow guests included the Countess of Dudley and her beautiful niece, Miss Violet Mordaunt, who has since become Viscountess Weymouth. The meeting was, to say the least, peculiar. For Lady Dudley is the sister and Violet Mordaunt the daughter of the notorious Lady Mordaunt. It was the birth of Violet Mordaunt in 1869 which caused the Mordaunt divorce scandal. The corespondents in the case were the Prince of Wales and Sir Frederick Johnstone, and while the former was acquitted the latter was declared both guilty and responsible for the paternity of Lady Mordaunt's child, Violet. Sir Frederick was therefore brought face to face, under the roof of his corespondent, the Prince of Wales, with the girl who had been declared by the courts to be his child, and not that of Sir Charles Mordaunt, and he was able to convince himself that his daughter's superb eyes showed no traces of the terrible blindness which threatened her at her birth, and was publicly attributed in court to the state of health of both Sir Frederick Johnstone and of the remorse stricken mother. Under the circumstances, the simultaneous invitation to Sandringham of Sir. Frederick Johnstone and of his daughter, must be considered in the light of a particularly grievous want of tact, delicacy and taste, for which the members of the prince's household must be held primarily responsible. The fact that it should have escaped public comment affords a striking indication of the power and influence of the heir apparent in London society."

The prince, according to the same knowing correspondent, was also on terms of intimacy with an adventurer who claimed to be a Polish nobleman, but who was, in reality, the son of a stableman in the nobleman's employ, and who went by the nickname of "Sherry and Whiskey." This unfortunate scoundrel, who had forged his master's name and committed sundry other crimes, finally committed suicide, and before his corpse was cold Lord Hastings—an evil name in English history—a personal friend of the Prince of Wales, ransacked the dead man's apartments and found a parcel of letters, photographs, etc., bearing the prince's signature, and which Wales received from Hastings with a sigh of profound relief.

The *World* man thus sums up:

"Among the other men of exceedingly objectionable character who have been on terms of far too great intimacy with the prince are Major the Hon. Walter Harbord, formerly of the fourth hussars, and George Russell, formerly the chief of the government department of public works, both of whom were convicted of cheating at cards; Lord Aylesford, Lord Arthur Somerset, and many others who have all "gone under" and whose names are now no longer mentioned. If I cite them now it is merely with the object of showing that his royal highness is just as unfortunate in the choice of his associates and friends as Napoleon III."

POLICE FORCE CHANGES.

The changes in the police department, so long expected, have been announced this week in a general order from the superintendent as follows:

Lieutenant Alexander S. Ross is promoted to captain and assigned to command at Central Detail, vice Lewis, promoted to inspector.

Lieutenant John Byrne transferred from the second precinct and assigned to duty at central detail.

Lieutenant John Rehm transferred from the eighth district to the first and assigned to duty at first precinct, vice Duffy, resigned.

George Shippey reinstated as sergeant, promoted to a lieutenancy and assigned to duty at first precinct, vice Madden, promoted.

Lieutenant Max Kipley transferred from the detective bureau and assigned to duty at the second precinct.

Captain John D. Shea, is reduced to lieutenant and assigned to duty in the detective bureau.

Captain William Ward, transferred from the second district and assigned to command of the sixth.

Lieutenant John E. Mahoney promoted to captain and assigned to command of the third district, vice Hayes, resigned.

Patrolman George A. Bengley promoted to lieutenant and assigned to duty at the fifth precinct.

Captain W. N. Jenkins transferred from the eighth district assigned to command of eleventh district; headquarters, South Chicago.

Lieutenant James Madden promoted to captain and assigned to duty in command of the eighth district.

Lieutenant M. D. Field promoted to captain and assigned to the seventh district.

Lieutenant Michael Morrissy transferred and assigned to duty at the eighth precinct.

Captain E. E. Lloyd transferred from seventh district and assigned to duty in the detective bureau.

Lieutenant Frank O'Neil transferred from headquarters and assigned to duty at the ninth precinct, seventh district.

Lieutenant August Bleitner promoted to captain and assigned to command of second district, vice Ward, transferred.

Lieutenant James Bowler transferred from the twenty-fourth precinct and assigned to duty in the seventeenth precinct, vice Bleitner, promoted.

Lieutenant Edward J. Steele transferred from twenty-seventh precinct and assigned to duty in the twenty-fourth precinct.

Lieutenant A. M. Clark transferred from the detective bureau and assigned to duty at the twenty-seventh precinct.

Lieutenant Bernard Baer transferred from the detective bureau to headquarters, vice O'Neil, transferred.

In the enforced resignation of Captain Hayes, on the ground that he has been active in politics on the Democratic side, the Chicago police force loses one of its most experienced and efficient officers. He showed, by the way, less "offensive partisanship" than some of those who have, on one ground or another, been retained. The same remarks apply to the case of Lieut. Duffy.

THE action for libel brought against the Cork *Herald* by Henry Campbell, member of parliament for the southern division of Fermanagh and private secretary to Mr. Parnell, was concluded Wednesday, and resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff with £250 damages. The libel consisted in the *Herald* publishing the assertion that while other parliamentary members were attending to their duties the plaintiff (Mr. Campbell) was hiring houses for immoral purposes for Mr. Parnell.

ALL the speeches delivered at the Parnell meeting in Central Music Hall were good, but that of Mr. William Redmond was a masterpiece of logic and eloquence.

A STATEMENT of the receipts and expenditures of the Plan of Campaign Fund has been published in the Dublin *National Press*. The statement is signed by James Xavier O'Brien, member of the house of commons for South Mayo, and is as follows:

Amount collected	$634 385
Spent for legal expenses	36,100
Paid tenants	382,090
Housing	66,405
Buildings, etc, at New Tipperary	147,760
Total	$632,355
Balance	2,030

Mr. O'Brien says that the report that $15 000 was missing is false. It was Tim Healy who started it.

OUR traveling agent, Mr. Matthew D. Griffin, will visit St. Louis next week. We bespeak for him a cordial reception.

LOCAL PARAGRAPHS.

The United Irish societies of Chicago and Cook county, at their recent convention, elected officers to serve for the ensuing year as follows: President, Wm. H. Joyce; Vice President, Daniel F. O'Connor; Treasurer, Wm. Madden; Secretary, Andrew J. Duggan.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Redmond and Mr. Henry Harrison, left for the east on Tuesday afternoon, via the Michigan Central road. Messrs. James J. O'Kelly and John O'Connor will travel in the west for some time longer.

Chicago, as a summer resort, is putting in some pretty hot work just now.

The Hibernian Rifles' picnic at Ogden Grove on July Fourth, promises to be a dashing affair. Judge Marcus Kavanaugh will be the orator of the occasion.

The Clan-naGael Guards will give their sixteenth annual picnic at Oswald's Grove, Halsted and Fifty-second streets, on July Fourth. An excellent programme has been arranged, and an enjoyable time is expected.

MATRIMONIAL.

NOONAN-O'CONNELL.

Mr. John Noonan, a popular merchant of the Town of Lake district of the city, was united in marriage on June 17, in the Holy Family church on West Twelfth street, to Miss Lizzie O'Connell, of No. 270 South Centre avenue. The Rev. Father Kelly, S. J., was the officiating clergyman. Mr. P. Noonan, brother of the groom, acted as best man, and Miss Mary E. O'Connell, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid. A reception at the bride's residence followed the ceremony, and was a most enjoyable event. The young couple will be at home to their friends at their Town of Lake residence.

IRISH NEWS NOTES.

Tim Healy was assaulted and his face badly battered by a Parnellite enthusiast at O'Gorman Mahon's funeral. At this rate of disfigurement the "Lord Chief Justice" will be no ornament to the bench when he arrives there!

The total amount received up to the present from all priests in Ireland for the Father Mathew statue is £25.

A serious outbreak of hydrophobia is reported to have taken place in the neighborhood of New Ross. The disease has attacked cattle, horses, asses, sheep, goats, etc., many of which have had to be destroyed within the past few days.

At the Kingscourt petty sessions a man named McConnell, who had attempted to cut his throat with a razor, was returned for trial.

At the meeting of the Lismore board of guardians a letter was read from the Youghal board requesting their co operation in establishing an industrial school in connection with the Youghal Union. The Lismore board did not see their way to support the project.

A young man named Luke Nevins was riding home on a horse from Trim. The animal took fright, throwing its rider violently to the ground. The man, whose neck was broken, died shortly afterwards.

Two men named Mulcahy, who are brothers, were arrested on a charge of beating a policeman with sticks at Glenquin, near Newcastlewest. They were brought before a magistrate and remanded, bail being refused.

A Primrose League meeting was held in Mallow. Lady Mary Aldworth was moved to the chair. She denounced the *Freeman* and Mr. Parnell, and said the landlords were the only true friends of Ireland. Major Tanner (brother of Dr. Tanner, M.P.) also spoke and denounced the Irish leader.

The Tipperary *News* says: "Dr. Croke has been telling us over and over again that he was a hillside man with Meagher and Mitchel. Meagher died in exile. Mitchel came home from exile to die. For the past twenty years or more Dr. Croke has been the denizen of a palace. There are, you see, hillside men *and* hillside men. By the way, would Dr. Croke tell us how many nights he spent on the hill sides, and what became of his pike?"

The Earl of Bantry has been declared a lunatic.

The census for the province of Ulster gives the following results, so far as regards religious denominations: Antrim—Catholics, 106,464; Protestant Episcopalians, 106,110; Presbyterians, 181,011; Methodists, 14 716; Jews, 182; other persuasions, 13,065. Armagh—Catholics, 65,906; Protestant Episcopalians, 46,133; Presbyterians, 23,042; Methodists, 5 295. Cavan—Catholics, 90,329; Protestant Episcopalians, 16,331; Presbyterians, 3,836; Methodists, 1,041. Donegal—Catholics, 143,639; Protestant Episcopalians, 21,761; Presbyterians, 18,158; Methodists, 2,012. Down—Catholics, 73,466; Protestant Episcopalians, 65,305; Presbyterians, 106,484; Methodists, 7,751.

Miss Alice Power (in religion Sister Agnes), Ballyhall, county Kilkenny, and Miss Nannie Ryan (in religion Sister Teresa), Mountrath, Queen's county, have just been received into the Presentation Convent, Castlecomer. The Most Rev. Dr. Brownrigg, bishop of Ossory, presided at the ceremony.

A large and enthusiastic meeting in support of Mr. Parnell was held in Omagh on June 6.

Rev. Matthew Finn, P.P., of Kilconduff, and Meelick, died on the 7th inst.

Evictions have been begun on the Gifford and Leigh estates, county Wexford. On the former Pat Marmagh and Pat Power were evicted, on the latter John Neville, Mary Neville, and Wm. Neill.

At the Coagh (Stewartstown) petty sessions Michael Brennan was fined £10 for poaching in the Ballinderry river.

A large and influential meeting of the Parnell Leadership Committee was held in the Mayoralty House, Drogheda. Luke J. Elcock, borough assessor, presided, and stated that they had thoroughly reorganized the branch of the National League, and that they had formed a Parnell Leadership Committee for Drogheda and South Louth for the purpose of raising funds to sustain the chief, and promote the policy of independent opposition. A considerable sum was subscribed.

The mission of Mr. Cox, M. P., the McCarthyite envoy to Australia, has turned out to be a complete failure.

Mr. Brockhurst Power, eldest son of the late Dr. Maurice Power, of Queenstown, formerly M. P. for the county of Cork, died rather suddenly on June 11.

Bartholomew Kelleher was killed in an explosion at Donovan & Son's match factory, Dunbar street, Cork.

Large meetings in support of Parnell have been held in Kilfenora, Clare, and Kilcolman, Limerick.

The Birr races were held on the 11th inst.

The master and nurse of the Bandon workhouse have been dismissed by order of the local government board.

NUTS TO CRACK.

A Correspondent With a Genius for Direct Examination Asks Parnell's Opponents Some Formidable Questions.

Interrogations that Ought to Make Every True Irishman Pause and Ponder.

[*To the Editor.*]

In the contests between Parnellites and Healyites, each man can be a judge of the merits of the case by answering for himself these questions:

Was or was not Parnell the Irish leader for many years, recognized and accepted without a rival?

Did or did not Mr. Parnell select all but five or six of the Irish members, and were not these selections indorsed by the constituencies through confinence in Parnell?

Was or was not the marvelous unity of the Irish party due to the personal ascendency of Parnell, and to the loyalty and attachment of every member to him personally?

When and how was it ever decided that a majority of the Irish party, who were elected to support and obey Parnell, could select the leader of the Irish nation?

Is there any rule in the organization of the Parliamentary party that permits of the deposition of the chairman at any moment before the end of the session by a dissentient majority of the party?

Is or is not a member's duty to his constituency to maintain a united party, and did the electors choose members to be loyal to Parnell or loyal to Gladstone?

Were not the divorce proceedings pending for months, and during this time did not the eighty-five Irish members have ample time to guage the opinion of English people and politicians on the subject?

After the divorce did not the Irish members resolve to stand by Parnell and re elect him?

Did not the bishops express themselves as favorable to his re-election?

Did not the bishops have seventeen days after the divorce to prevent the re-election?

Did not the Leinster Hall meeting, and other popular meetings, in this interval strongly indorse Parnell for re-election?

Were not Healy and McCarthy especially prominent in upholding Parnell?

Did not the Irish party unanimously re-elect Parnell as their chairman from the beginning to the end of the session?

Is not Parnell the legal holder of the office till the end of the term fixed by this election?

Are those who seek to displace Parnell before his term expires loyal to their pledges?

Are unity and influential leadership possible if the regularly chosen leader of the party be liable to sudden deposition at any moment by a mere majority of the men who would not be in parliament at all only on the condition that they would support him?

When Parnell was re-elected was not the election recognized as in a word with the wish and expectation of the universal Irish nation?

Did not McCarthy have Gladstone's letter in his pocket when he voted for Parnell?

Was it treacherous or not of McCarthy to conceal Gladstone's letter until it was too late to use it, and produce it afterwards?

Is there any man in the world who, if chosen leader yesterday, and threatened with ignominious deposition today, would not regard the proceeding as a personal affront?

How can a leader undertake the responsibilities of leadership if he is not sure of his supporters from one day to the next?

Was not the deposition of Parnell sure to cause a break up of the unity of the party, and is it possible that this result was not foreseen and intended by Gladstone, Healy and McCarthy?

Was not the vituperative and offensive manner in which the deposition was attempted a proof that the breaking up of the party was aimed at?

On what principle can the virulence of the assailants of Parnell, and the disgraceful scenes at the Kilkenny and Sligo elections be reconciled with patriotism?

Was not the time chosen for these assaults on Irish unity maliciously opportune, when the only two men who could take Parnell's place were under sentence?

Is it true or not that the deposition was attempted at Gladstone's dictation? How can subservience to Gladstone be reconciled with the independence of the Irish party? And what great harm would have been done to the cause if Gladstone refused to speak to Parnell? Or when did Gladstone ever take Parnell, or any of the Irish party, into his confidence?

Is it possible to stamp out Parnell? Will not all elements who distrust Whiggery continue to rally round him?

Would Parnell's leadership of a united party have put back home rule as far as the quarrels of factions have done by suggesting that the Irish are not yet fit for it? W.

PERSONAL.

The numerous friends of Mr. David L. Leahy, who is well known in Irish American circles, will be pleased to learn that he is back from the far West, where he has spent eighteen months in search of health. He is looking well and robust, and will remain in Chicago. He has entered the livery and boarding stable business with his brother-in law, Mr John Ryan, at Twenty sixth and Halsted streets. THE CITIZEN wishes him success in his new undertaking.

Donahoe's Monthly Magazine, for July, is the most interesting issue published. In the first place the Encyclical of the Holy Father is given entire. There is also an interesting article on Science and Transubstantiation, by one of the ablest contributors to the magazine. History of the New Auxiliary Bishop of Boston. Irish Literary Men of New York. Revisiting Ireland. Ethics of Dirt. Intellectual Life of the Catholic Church, together with a great variety of other articles on almost every subject. The magazine must be read to appreciate its value. $2 a year, $1 for six months. Address *Donahoe's Magazine*, Boston, Mass.

MR. DOUGLAS HYDE.

[*Communicated.*]

This young gentleman, better known as "Craoibhin Aoibhin," has lately favored the Irish of New York and Boston with a visit. In spite of the hottest spell of weather ever known to have been felt in the East in the month of June, Dr. Hyde got a reception in New York of which anyone might feel proud. A banquet and public reception were given in his honor by the New York Gaelic Society, where Dr. Hyde fully proved his wonderful fluency as a speaker of the Irish language. As there were more people at the meeting who understood English than who understood Irish, Mr. Hyde was requested not to make his Irish address too long, and to give those who did not understand Irish a chance of hearing something about things in Ireland; but Gaelic comes so easy to Mr. Hyde, and he loves so much to speak it, that it was with evident reluctance he consented to turn to English. In English Mr. Hyde makes no pretense to be an orator; but he speaks so naturally and so much to the point that his words have more weight than would those of the most polished orator. In Gaelic he is so eloquent that he becomes sometimes almost sublime. Irish speakers from Cork, Kerry, Galway, Donegal and other counties listened to his address in Gaelic, and, all of them understood him without the least trouble, and none of them was familiar with his accent, or had ever heard him speak before. He acknowledges the widespread interest that so many patriotic and thoughtful Irishmen are now taking in their native language, and the efforts and sacrifices which so many are making for its spread and resuscitation; but he thinks that unless a stronger and more combined effort is made to keep it alive in those places where it is still spoken, it will be entirely lost in two or three generations. He said that nothing has done more to help the cause of the language in Ireland than the interest that is being taken in it in America. He said that there are very many speaking it and studying it in Ireland at present, who, had they not been excited by hearing of how many in America were taking an interest in it, would never, probably, have given it a thought. He was justly severe on the Irish parliamentarians for not having done something for the language, and for not taking even a little interest in it. Hardly one of them has opened his mouth about anything connected with the language of his country for nearly half a score of years. There was one good sign, however, and that was that the priests of Ireland, especially the young ones, were beginning to take the strongest interest in it. Dr. Hyde cited Father Keegan, of St. Louis, Mo., and Father O'Growney, of Ballynacary, county Westmeath, as among the foremost of those who were working unceasingly in the cause of their country's language and literature. "Their story shall the good man teach his son" when a regenerated and a free people, gathered round their hearths in the future, will, in the saved and regenerated speech of their free and glorious sires, tell of the patient, silent, and unpaid for work of those two noble men.

Dr. Hyde suggested a plan which, for simplicity and directness, is one the best that ever has been proposed for the salvation of Gaelic. He said that if, say six men, good Irish speakers, were sent over from America for one winter, and go through the Irish speaking parts of Ireland, making visits to the houses of those who spoke Irish and showing them the necessity of teaching it, and above all, of speaking it to their children, more good would be performed than by any other means within reach at present. The Irish at home have now got to look on America as a sort of fatherland from which they are to take their teaching. If some or all of the envoys were Americans, born in America, their influence would be all the greater in Ireland. There are a good many good Irish speakers to be found in this country who were born in it. The cost of such an experiment would be very small. A man could live in the country parts of the South and West of Ireland, for very little. On £10 a month he could live like a king. Sober and honest men alone should be chosen. No great Gaelic scholarship would be required in them; they should be good Gaelic speakers, and familiar with the accent and dialect of the counties to which they would be sent, and not too proud to abide for a few days in a smoky cabin, and to sit with the peasant's family round the turf fire. The comparatively small sum of $2 000 would be ample to send six men to six of the most Irish-speaking counties in Ireland for a three months' visit. Dr. Hyde said men from America would have a weight and an influence with the Irish, scores of times greater than men from any other country would. It is to be hoped that Dr. Hyde's suggestions about this matter will not be lost sight of. He thinks that the *first* thing to be done is to keep the language alive in the parts where it is still spoken; that those parts will become sorts of storehouses for it, and from which, at some future day, it can be spread eastward to places where it has been dead for a century.

The more one sees of Dr. Hyde, the more one loves him. He comes of one of the first and most ancient families in Ireland. He is, so far as is known, the most learned man of his age in Ireland. He is not much over thirty. His course in Trinity College, Dublin, was most brilliant. He got the degree of L L D. when he was only about 23 years old; a thing almost without precedent in Trinity College or any other college. He is master of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, Gaelic, German and Italian. There is hardly a branch of learning in which he is not at home, yet this polished and learned gentleman takes the deepest interest in a language and a literature that so many tens of thousands of his miserable, *shoneen* countrymen would as soon see dead as alive; and to make the matter worse, some of the fathers of those same *shoneens* never spoke any language but the one their ridiculous sons so heartily despise.

Dr. Hyde said that if Gaelic were a barbarous speech, with a limited vocabulary and a poor literature, he could look on its extinction with less pain. But knowing as he did that it was a noble and copious tongue, the remnant even of whose ancient literature was greater many times over than the ancient literature of any vernacular European language,—under those circumstances, even after tyring to divest himself of all sentiment and patriotism, he could not contemplate the death of such a language without the most intense grief. If the Irish people allow their ancient language to die, they need never think that they can ever become a nation, or that the verdict of humanity will ever justify them for their want of real patriotism and true manhood.

Dr. Hyde left New York for Niagara in the early part of last week. He sails for Ireland on June 25, and carries with him the love and esteem of every one who was fortunate enough to meet him. It may be said of him, in bidding him farewell, what the untutored but real bard said in bidding adieu to Patrick Sarsfield,

A Chraoibhin Aoibhin is duine le Dia thú!
Is beannuigh' an talamh air shiúbhail tú riámh air!

MEETING AT INCHICORE

Mr. Parnell Makes an Able Statement in Regard to Certain Charges Made Against Him.

June 7 one of the largest and most striking demonstrations that have been held near the Irish capital since the famous amnesty meetings, took place in support of Mr. Parnell's leadership. At two o'clock Mr. Parnell, who was accompanied by Dr. J. E. Kenny, M. P.; W. Corbett, M. P.; Dr. Fitzgerald, M. P.; D. Histon, J. P. Quinn, and a number of other gentlemen, drove from the National Club to James's street, where there had assembled fully ten thousand people. On the way Mr. Parnell was loudly cheered, and from the windows of the houses handkerchiefs were waved; indeed the enthusiasm and unanimity of the people of Dublin could not have been more plainly proved than by the greetings with which in every street the Irish leader was received. The steps of the Catholic church in James's street were crowded with spectators, who cheered most enthusiastically when Mr. Parnell arrived. A line of streamers extended across the street just at this point, and a halt was made to allow of the procession being marshalled.

Mr. Parnell, who was received with a magnificent outburst of enthusiasm, then came forward. The cheering lasted for several minutes. He said:

"Men of North Dublin and Inchicore, I am proud to have an opportunity of addressing the men of the first constituency that I have offered myself to (cheers). It was to the men of the county of Dublin, who compose this great meeting, that I first offered my humble political services in 1874. The franchise in those days was limited, and the limited electorate of '74 rejected me, but I don't think that the men of North Dublin will reject my friend Mr. Clancy when they get their next opportunity (cheers). This meeting doesn't look like that. But there is another reason why I am pleased to address this meeting, because it is largely composed of the men of Inchicore, comprising among them the best mechanical talent and practical engineering of Ireland (hear, hear).

After dealing with mining, agricultural and shorter hours for laborer, Mr. Parnell concluded his remarks as follows:

"I wish, before I finish, to say one word upon the national questions. Ireland has been alternately threatened by Seceders (groans), by Liberals and by English governments, that unless they law aside their independence (never) Irish liberty will be lost. I stand here today to declare to you, as always, that Irish liberties depend up on Irish public spirit and Irish feeling of independence (cheers). I do not agree that Ireland's future depends upon any English political party, or upon any English statesman (cheers). I do not believe a word of it. His grace, the arch bishop of Cashel (cries of "Oh!" and "Order"), said the other day that Home Rule was dead and buried (cries of "No"). If it were possible to kill Home Rule it would have been killed by the action of the Seceders and by the action of his grace (hear, hear). But it is not possible to kill it so long as you hold fast by the principles which produced it (cheers). It will not come tomorrow. It will not come next year. It will be the work of degrees. It will come by struggle, by effort and by exertion on the part of the people of Ireland but it will never come if for a single moment you allow the weapon of constitutional force—which you hold in your hands, and which has given you your power and your present position—to be perverted from the interests of Ireland to the interests of any English political party (cheers). I look to the future with confidence. I look to it with confidence for two things for Ireland. I look for the freedom of our country (cheers) and for her prosperity. I would give up her prosperity if I could get her freedom, knowing that with her freedom we could afterwards secure her prosperity (cheers) But I will never give up her freedom, her liberty, and her independence (cheers). With these things all things will come, Believe me, my fellow countrymen, our cause is not a dying one; it is not a dead one. It is very much alive; and we say to all Irishmen who fear for the future of this country, whose hearts fail them at the prospect, who for one reason or another are not willing to continue the fight—we say stand aside—stand out of the way (cheers) Do not tamper with the future of your country with your feeble and paltry hands (cheers), if you have not the strength or the courage to go on, and if you do not wish to go on without compelling us to clear from our front the traitors and cowards and the weak hearted among our ranks (cheers). I had forgotten in dealing with many more important questions, one subject which may be of interest. You remember his grace, the archbishop of Cashel, in one of his speeches last week desired that there should be an audit—not necessarily a public one—of the fund, the expenditure of which was under my exclusive control. I refer to the defense fund against the *Times* commission, and his grace also expressed a wish with regard to the expenditure of Mr. Cecil Rhodes' check of £10 000 and the Morrogh check of £1,000.

The Chairman—We want no audit.

Mr. Parnell—I have prepared a balance sheet of these expenditures, and shall submit this balance sheet to my friend William O Brien (loud and prolonged cheers) immediately on his release, which I hope and trust—as I am sure you do—may be very soon (cheers), and I shall ask Mr O'Brien to communicate to the public any report that he thinks proper on the subject (cheers). Now, fellow countrymen, before I leave you I have to ask the misguided people who are contending against me (groans) and against you what it is that they are contending against. They are contending against meetings such as this, representing the *elite* of the intelligence of the working classes and artisans, and traders and merchants of Ireland and of Dublin. They are contending against the voices of great cities like Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Tralee, and the Nationalists of Belfast (cheers). I have not during the last six months seen one single element of important weakness throughout Ireland which make me suppose for a single moment that these men have the slightest chance of ultimate victory. If they were to have any hope of consolidating their power and influence, and forming a party for themselves in the country, would they not have been able to do it within the last six months? (Laughter.) Our position must grow stronger as the days go by. You see that in the desperate exertions which they are making to trump up fresh charges against me (groans and a voice, "Don't mind them.") They recognize that the old charge has lost its force (cheers and waving of hats), and they are seeking for fresh fields and pastures new (cheers and laughter); and the pastures that Tim Healy (prolonged groaning) has selected for his spring grazing (loud laughter) is the only one of the many pastures which there have been, which I refused to allow his teeth to pollute (cheers and laughter) That defense fund was the only fund out of the whole of them that he did not get a bite out of. (Loud and prolonged cheers and waving of hats.)

ATHLETIC NEWS AND NOTES.

Base Ball.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the various clubs in the race for the National League pennant for the week ending June 24:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
New Yorks	50	30	20	.600
Chicagos	51	30	21	.588
Bostons	53	29	24	.547
Clevelands	54	27	27	.500
Brooklyns	53	26	27	.491
Philadelphias	52	25	27	.481
Pittsburgs	49	20	29	.408
Cincinnatis	52	20	32	.385

The following are the results of the games played during the week ending June 24:

Thursday—Cleveland 8, Chicago 12. Pittsburg 3, Cincinnati 4.

Friday—Cleveland 2, Chicago 3. Boston 7, Brooklyn 3. New York 4, Philadelphia 11.

Saturday—New York 2, Philadelphia 4, Boston 5, Brooklyn 6. Pittsburg 13, Cincinnati 8.

Monday—Cleveland 3, Chicago 4 Pittsburg 4, Cincinnati 2 Brooklyn 4, New York 0. Boston 6, Philadelphia 3

Tuesday—Chicago 5, Cincinnati 2. Philadelphia 3, Boston 2 Brooklyn 3, New York 11. Cleveland 14, Pittsburg 5.

Wednesday—Chicago 8, Cincinnati 2 Cleveland 7, Pittsburg 2. Philadelphia 5, Boston 3. Brooklyn 7, New York 3.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

	Games played.	Won.	Lost	Per cent.
Bostons	58	37	21	.638
St. Louis	63	39	24	.619
Baltimores	57	35	22	.614
Cincinnatis	60	31	29	.517
Columbus	62	30	32	.484
Philadelphias	60	25	35	.417
Louisvilles	65	25	40	.385
Washingtons	55	18	37	.327

Thursday—Cincinnati 3, St. Louis 6. Louisville 2, Columbus 9.

Friday—Cincinnati 16, Louisville 10. Columbus 4, St. Louis 3. Washington 6, Baltimore 4.

Saturday—Philadelphia 3, Boston 12. Columbus 3, St. Louis 6

Sunday—Columbus 0, St. Louis 3 Boston 15, Philadelphia 5. Louisville 2, Cincinnati 6.

Monday—Louisville 0, Cincinnati 1. Baltimore 9, Washington 7.

Tuesday—St. Louis 0, Cincinnati 6. Washington 2, Philadelphia 3. Columbus 4, Louisville 1

Wednesday—Columbus 1, Louisville 5. St. Louis 14, Cincinnati 3 Washington 8, Philadelphia 5. Baltimore 3, Boston 2.

CHICAGO CITY LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the City League clubs up to date:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Whitings	6	4	2	.667
West Ends	6	4	2	.667
Garden Citys	7	4	3	.571
Franklins	7	3	4	.429
Brands	6	2	4	.333
Rivals	6	2	4	.333

The games last Sunday resulted as follows: Rivals 5, Whitings 3. Franklins, 4, West Ends 3 Garden Citys 6, Brands 4.

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As soon as you discover any falling of the hair or grayness always use Hall's Hair Renewer to tone up the secretions and prevent baldness or grayness.

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

DIGAN—June 4, at Woodstock street, Athy, Ellen, relict of the late John Digan, aged 75 years.

MAGUIRE—June 3, at Kentstown, Navan, Michael, son of the late Thomas Maguire.

PENTLAND—June 4, at No. 28 Leeson Park avenue Dublin, Sofia, daughter of the late Dr. Henry Pentland, formerly of Kells, county Meath.

PRENDERGAST—June 4, at St. Vincent's Hospital, Stephen's Green, Dublin, Patrick Michael Prendergast, eldest surviving son of the late P. M. Prendergast, Ballinsmallee, county Mayo.

TUITE—June 3, at Longwood, Co. Meath, Francis Tuite, M.D., aged 48 years.

CLARKE—May 31, at Galway, Rev. Patrick Clarke, C.C., of St. Paul's, Arran quay, aged 35 years

COONEY—At Banagher, county Westmeath, Bridget, widow of the late Peter Cooney.

DOYLE—June 1, at No. 26 Synge street, Dublin, Charles J. Doyle, formerly of Limerick, aged 51 years.

MOCKLER—May 31, at Mortlestown, Kilenaule, county Tipperary, Patrick Mockler, aged 70 years.

MOORE—May 31, at Garr House, Rhode, Bridget, wife of Mat Moore, aged 38 years

TULLY—May 31, at Maudlin street, Kells, county Meath, Richard Tully aged 50 years.

WALSH—May 31, at No. 35 The Mall, Waterford, Bridget Mary Walsh aged 37 years.

WALSH—June 1, at No. 2 Martin's terrace, East Hanover street, Dublin, Patrick Walsh, aged 50 years.

How well we remember grandmother's attic, so fragrant with medicinal roots and herbs! Poor old soul, how precious they seemed to her! And yet, one bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla would do more good than her whole collection of "yarbs."

The *Freeman* has the following: "Sir J. Pope Hennessy, we are told, has not been present in parliament since Easter. He is at present staying at Rostellin Castle, his place near Queenstown, once the residence of Sir Walter Raleigh. Sir John is a Jacobite, and doubtless observed on Wednesday, his usual custom of wearing a white rose upon the anniversary of the birth of the Old Pretender."

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Most Rev. Dr. Conway has made the following appointments in the diocese of Killala—Rev. M. Gallagher, C. C., Backs, to be Adm., Lacken; Rev. John Clifford to be C.C., Lahardane. The appointment to Lacken is necessitated by the protracted illness of Rev. Hugh Conway.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York.

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Irish Notes.

Miss Maria Mullen, national school teacher, Westport, died on June 1.

Thomas Porter, Tobbermore, was fined at Maghera petty sessions for having sold ether.

A serious riot took place in Enniskillen between the third battalion of Enniskillen militia and the North Lancashire regiment.

John Malone, Cookstown, a Nationalist, was elected coroner for East Tyrone.

John Cuffe, of Boyle, grocer, has been declared a bankrupt.

Veterinary Surgeon James O'Donel, after five years' service in India with the Royal Horse Artillery, is staying at the residence of his father, Francis O'Donel, Castlebar.

THE attention of ladies and other wishing to purchase midsummer goods of all kinds is directed to the dry goods house of P. F. Ryan & Co., corner of Peoria and Madison streets. All goods will be sold at the lowest reduced prices. The store will be kept open evenings until July 4. Don't miss this golden opportunity for bargains.

Electric Belt Free.

To introduce it and obtain agents the undersigned firm will give away a few of their $5 00 German Electric Belts invented by Prof. Van der Weyde, Pres. of the New York Electrical Society (U.S. Pat. 257,647) a positive cure for Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Loss of Power, &c. Address Electric Agency, P. O. Box 178 Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to them to-day.

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ESTATE OF CATHERINE CROTSER, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of Catherine Crotser, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August A. D. 1891, being the 17th day thereof. ALFRED KENNEDY, Executor.

Dated Chicago, June 8, 1891.
David Sullivan Attorney.

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Chicago.

JOHN W. WALSH,
Attorney at Law,
609 Opera House Building,
Chicago, Ill.

JAMES O'CONNELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
Suite 916, Chicago Opera House Block,
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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK, ss. In the Probate Court of Cook County. In the matter of the estate of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic. To Orlow H. Crotser, and to all whom it may concern:

Please take notice that on the 30th day of July, 1891, being the first day of the July Term 1891, of the Probate Court of Cook County, or as soon thereafter as the matter can be heard, I, Augusta Kennedy, Conservatrix of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic, shall present to said court, at the Probate Court room, in the court house, in the City of Chicago, County of Cook, and State of Illinois, my petition and application for leave to sell, according to law, all that certain real estate of Orlow H Crotser, a lunatic situated in said County and State, and known and described as follows, to-wit: Lot Nineteen (19) in Block Three (3) of Taylor's Subdivision of Block One (1) of Assessor's division of the East half (E½) of the Northwest quarter N. W. ¼ of Section Eight (8), Township Thirty nine (39) North, Range fourteen (14) East of the Third (3d) Principal Meridian for the purpose of enabling me to pay the debts of said Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic

AUGUSTA KENNEDY,
Conservatrix of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic.
Dated Chicago, June 8, 1891.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

THE TURNPIKE ROAD.

So strange it seems, so strange and sweet,
That here life's busy tide once flowed;
That gravely trod our grandsire's feet,
With light heart, or with heavy load,
Through this forsaken turnpike road.

As walking in some holy nave
We tread the grass-grown ruts today;
As if they marked some ancient grave,
We search upon the milestones gray
Their numbers almost worn away.

Beyond the wood and winding stream
Beat the world's pulses, strong and clear,
With roar and rush of steel and steam;
But, changeless through the changing year,
A sacred silence reigneth here.

Yet violets and the windflower sweet
In fairy hosts here greet the spring,
And following Summer's hasting feet,
Blue Gentian—shy and winsome thing—
Comes forth to hear the last bird sing.

And Fancy weaves a mystic spell
Around this nook in Nature's bowers;
Perchance the smiles and tears that fell,
The conquests and defeats as well
That made life in those bygone hours,
Have here found root and bloom in flowers.

And could it be, on every tomb
(As to our toilworn goal we speed),
That some sweet flower should live and bloom,
Harvest of brave or holy deed—
Ah, who could ask a richer meed?

God rest their souls in byways fair,
Who heavenly seed on earth have sowed,
While we who still life's burdens bear
Patiently lift our loads of care,
Renewing for our last abode
Such bloom as fills the turnpike road.

—Annie Louise Brakenridge in Springfield Homestead.

TOLD BY A DEAD MAN.

One evening, not many months ago, three persons were seated in a snug corner of the lounging room of the Electricians' club of Vienna. From the intent and eager expression on the faces of two of them it was evident that the subject of the conversation was more than ordinarily interesting.

The leader of the conversation was a man apparently on the turn of thirty-five, with a face strongly marked by the unsparing brush of late hours and unrestrained passions. He had reached the pith of the tale, and was enjoying the impatience of his listeners with a keen relish. At last, yielding to their eager importunities, he said:

"Well, I'll tell you the name of the lady, but remember you have given your word of honor that it shall go no farther. When I followed her from the train I found it was—oh, shades of virtue! Mrs. Waldemer."

"You lie!"

The words rang through the silent room like a trumpest blast. Springing to their feet with a haste that sent chairs and table flying, the startled trio turned and saw a gentleman in evening dress standing not three feet away. His face was convulsed with rage, and his futile struggle for speech only caused his pallid lips to utter incoherent sounds.

For a few seconds no one moved, and the ominous quiet was only broken by the deep, labored breathing of him who had so unceremoniously interrupted the peace of the night; then with a sudden bound a form cleared the intervening space, and before hand could be raised in hindrance the boastful roue had planted a terrific blow full in the face of his adversary, almost felling him to the floor. The infuriated combatants were quickly separated by the excited bystanders, and both hurried from the house.

On the following morning the frequenters of the club stood about in little knots discussing the episode of the night before. There was a universal sympathy with the gentleman who had received the blow, and many strong expressions of anger were indulged in by the members, who were justly enraged at the publicity that would inevitably follow such a disgraceful affair.

One old gentleman in particular was much excited. He said:

"Such an unwarranted imputation against a lady's character should not pass unpunished, and if Herr Waldemer does not challenge that brute, why, I'll do it myself, if only on general principles."

As the choleric old man finished, a commotion at the door showed the entrance of some one with fresh news on the engrossing topic.

The newcomer was quickly surrounded, and with the eagerness of a bearer of glad tidings he exclaimed:

"Waldemer has challenged him, and the challenge is accepted of course. I have just come from the house of Rukert, who, you know, conducts all such affairs. He wouldn't tell me when it was to take place, or indeed anything at all about it. But there are going to be some extraordinary arrangements; I could tell that by his air of mystery—the pompous old idiot!"

The welcome intelligence created a feeling of general relief among the members, and it was hailed with great satisfaction. They dispersed to their various homes, knowing that their code of honor was still intact.

For several days the curious made every effort to discover any details concerning the impending duel, but without avail. There was only a certainty that it would take place, but where and how was only known to the principals and the indefatigable Rukert.

On the morning of the sixth day after the quarrel at the club the community was thrown into a state of horror at the following article published in the Neue Freie Presse:

At half-past 8 last night, as a party of young men were passing the house of Herr Waldemer, in Strasse Wallfischgasse, they were startled by the loud report of a revolver coming from the direction of that gentleman's residence, followed immediately by an agonizing scream. They hastily forced the front door, and after a vain search in several rooms, all untenanted, they reached the study. There, prostrate on the floor, was the form of our well known citizen—dead. A hideous wound in his left temple and a revolver lying near at hand showed the cause of death. Stretched across his body, her hair dabbling in a pool of blood, was his beautiful wife. It was at first thought that she also was dead; but a hasty examination showed that she had only fainted.

One of the horrified gentlemen ran for the nearest doctor and also to report the melancholy news to the proper authorities. The others set to work to revive Mrs. Waldemer, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing her recover consciousness.

By a fortunate coincidence Dr. Breslon happened to be in the neighborhood, and he was soon in attendance. He pronounced Waldemer past all medical aid, but said that the lady was only suffering from a severe nervous shock, natural under the circumstances.

Despite her protestations Mrs. Waldemer was taken into custody and removed to the house of detention, where she remained during the night, all offers of bail being resolutely refused.

Owing to a most extraordinary and fortunate circumstance we are enabled to clear the unhappy lady from all suspicion, and also to give our readers the details of a very singular duel that took place in this city but a few days ago, and which undoubtedly caused the suicide just mentioned.

Last night at half-past 10 o'clock a messenger left a package in the anteroom with instructions that it be sent up to the managing editor. Upon the removal of the outer wrapper was found a sealed envelope with the following note:

"June 13, 1889.

"To the Managing Editor:

"You will find inclosed an important item of news, which you are at liberty to use only on condition that this envelope be not received before 10 o'clock this night. I trust to your well known honor to see that this stipulation is faithfully carried out.

"RUDOLPH WALDEMER."

Long before the receipt of the mysterious package Waldemer's suicide had been discovered, and so the seal was immediately broken. Inside was the following remarkable confession:

"These, my last words, are written on the threshold of the unknown. Though in the prime of life, the mere thought of living has become a dread more terrifying than that of death.

"It is still fresh in the mind of the public how I overheard in my club the name of my wife bandied about by a lecherous scoundrel, who has already gone the road I shall travel tonight.

"I challenged him. The challenge was accepted. All the details were left to a mutual friend—a man learned in electrical science—who enthusiastically proposed the adoption of electricity as a weapon. I assented with indifference, not heeding the agent so that I had my revenge. My antagonist agreed, prompted by a professional curiosity. For several days the mysterious preparations went on, and at last there came a note stating that I was to call at a certain house on the outskirts of the city at midnight.

"On arriving at the place indicated the scientist met me at the door and led the way to a little anteroom on the second floor. There I found my antagonist, and it was only the knowledge that but a few minutes could elapse before we would be engaged in mortal combat that restrained me from throttling him where he stood.

"We were taken into an adjoining room, and what I saw there filled my soul with a grim joy—the lust for murder. Returning again to the outer room, we were requested to submit without demur to any preparations necessary. I complied with alacrity, but he evidently hesitated before answering, and I noticed with pleasure that his voice trembled and his face paled with a cowardly dread.

"The old electrician produced two long, close fitting robes that enveloped us from neck to heels, and with skillful fingers he speedily buttoned them around us, making the shroudlike garments more secure by passing a stout cord about the outside in innumerable turns. Fettered in this way we lay upon the floor unable to move hand or foot. Satisfied at last that the fastenings were secure, he dragged us with infinite care into the chamber of death.

"It was a small, square room, devoid of furniture, and but dimly lighted by a common oil lamp suspended from the ceiling. The floor had been waxed and polished until it was as smooth as glass. In two corners of the room, diagonally opposite each other, were a couple of peculiar looking metal disks placed horizontally on the floor, and having a round, flat knob in the center. Leading from each were two lines of insulated wire about six or seven yards long, ending in shallow cups containing dampened felt.

"Placing us side by side, midway between the corners, the cups were fastened to our bodies, one being placed on the neck at the base of the brain and the other at the extremity of the spinal column. Thus attached to our respective disks we were told that he who first reached his opponent's corner could, by merely placing his head on the elevated spot, send the annihilating current on its deadly way.

"The old scientist, after a few hurried directions, given in a voice agitated with strong emotion, retired to a corner, where I could see him standing in an attitude of rapt attention, his head bent forward, his eyes protruding and glowering with a fixity of expression almost maniacal in its intensity.

"The room was filled with a solemn quiet, unbroken save by the low murmur of heavy respiration or the regular tick of a clock, whose monotonous rhythm sounded like the beat of a drum to my overstrained nerves. Thus we lay for nearly half a minute, each waiting for the other to make the move.

"A short reflection had shown me that victory would come to him who showed the greatest cunning, as the manner in which we were tied precluded the display of brute force, and the slippery floor offered no fulcrum wherewith to propel one's self along.

"Slyly I turned my head and saw, close by, the livid face of my antagonist, his deep set eyes watchful and alert.

"As a feint I turned slowly over. He did the same. Then with a sudden effort I swung around so that my feet struck him a sharp blow in the face. It aroused all the devil in his nature, and he quickly retaliated by making a desperate lunge at my head. His heels flew past within an inch, and the force of the movement placed him almost between me and my corner. He was quick to see the advantage, and started to roll with increasing force in that direction. Then ensued a terrible race for the disk.

"Over the glassy floor, slipping and sliding, with head advanced in futile endeavor to gain a greater momentum, we writhed and squirmed, vainly grasping at the polished surface.

"The room revolved in a dizzy whirl, and soon my eyes were blinded by aching tears called forth by a raging terror at the heart—a fear that he might gain the victory and live. With one last superhuman effort I threw myself across the widening gap between us and stopped his progress. There we lay panting for breath on the very edge of the metal plate, but I was nearest.

"After what seemed an eternity of time the strange combat recommenced. I was posted in the angle, my feet pressed firmly against one wall and my head against the other. It was a living barrier of resistless strength.

"Suddenly I felt his form against mine, creeping cunningly closer. With a hasty jerk I drew my body in, and with shoulders pressed firmly against the plastered sides gave one powerful kick and sent him sliding to the center of the room. Before he had stopped I was rolling in the direction of his corner.

"With elbow and heel, invoking the aid of every nerve and muscle, I rapidly covered the intervening space, and then found my passage barred and the goal snatched from my eager grasp on the threshold of victory. Wild with baffled rage I threw myself upon him, and with hellish fury tried to tear his throat with my teeth.

"As we struggled the room resounded with an infernal din of gasping moans and oaths strangled in their utterance. For a time I lost all sense of direction, and was only intent on crushing out his viperous life.

"We had neared the middle when, by what crafty trick I know not, he broke away, and with miraculous speed, now leaping half erect and now writhing like a serpent, he again approached the disk. I watched him with fascinated eye as he drew nearer and nearer. My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, every drop of blood turned to ice, and I felt the bony hand of death clutching that heart which in a second would shrivel at the lightning's touch.

"He reached it; up went his head, higher and higher. My God! why does he prolong this living death? A thud as it touched the iron plate; a horrible gurgling noise cut off in its infancy; one long, convulsive shudder of the body, and he lay dead before me, killed by his own wire. He had mistaken the plate!

"Hours afterward I was carried from the house, my reason almost gone and the dread terror of the scene still before me. How his body was disposed of I do not know. Probably it was buried under a false name. His death was not at my hands, but the horror of it rests upon me and it is more than I can bear."—Enrique H. Lewis in Romance.

Why Women Have Dyspepsia.

A medical journal, in a learned discussion of the alleged causes of dyspepsia in women, declares that they are mainly lack of exercise and eating indigestible food at unholy hours. To this a celebrated woman physician takes exception, and asserts that laziness and self indulgence are not the main causes of dyspepsia in women.

"I have found," she says, "that women are usually victims of the atonic variety of dyspepsia—that variety which comes from a lack of tone in the stomach rather than from any disarrangement of its functions. It is sometimes caused by a generally enfeebled condition of the system, but is oftener the result of their getting overtired and then attempting to rest themselves by eating a hearty meal.

"Women are so reckless in the expenditure of their strength—they go shopping for a whole afternoon, or they call, or entertain, or are entertained, without a thought of their bodies, until suddenly they find themselves utterly wearied out. When this exhaustion occurs, instead of lying down for an hour's complete rest before eating anything at all, they will sit down to a hearty meal in order to rest themselves, as they think; and the tired stomach is too weak to care for the load of food that is thrust upon it. By and by a dyspeptic condition is induced, and the poor souls wonder what they have eaten that has brought on dyspepsia."—Detroit Free Press.

English and American Homes.

Much is said of the luxury of the Old World, but people who have had opportunities for comparison testify that the average of comfort in living is much higher in the United States than in England and Europe. Even the homes of the wealthiest are entirely lacking in comforts and conveniences that are regarded as indispensable among the middle class and even the poorer homes of the United States. Many English houses occupied by families of means are not supplied with steam or water, and the general method of heating is by open fireplaces fed with smoky soft coal.

Hot air furnaces are almost unknown. Set bowls, with hot and cold water faucets, are regarded as non-permissible extravagance even by the wealthiest, and only the very wealthiest sometimes indulge in the luxury of a bathroom. A hotel having one advertises it as a special and unusual attraction. Candles are still much relied on for illumination. A hundred other conveniences regarded as necessaries in American homes are unknown in English households.—Good Housekeeping.

Interested in the Skeleton.

Little Albert had been allowed to amuse himself by turning over the leaves of the big illustrated dictionary. The picture of the skeleton impressed him particularly, and at the breakfast table the next morning he surprised his father by asking suddenly, "Papa, can't that bony fellow in the dictionary wiggle his fingers?"—Youth's Companion.

THE RIDE OF JIM BELL.

A PERILOUS JOURNEY BROUGHT THE SIOUX WAR TO AN END.

Three Men Who Undertook to Carry a Message from General Terry to General Crook Endure a Lonely Trip Through a Hostile Country.

There was a certain man named Paul Revere, who took a famous ride in days gone by. He went skurrying past Middlesex villages and farms, and faced the deadly dangers of barking dogs and crowing cocks. Longfellow has sung him in rhyme that school children are given to recite. Perhaps it was a brave and noteworthy thing. But out in the west men rate heroism by a different standard.

Some day or other a western poet shall sing the song of Jim Bell, for he is a hero, a fine, grizzled hero. There was a western matter of fact sort of tinge to his daring act, but if one goes deep enough one shall find a touch of the old knightly heroism of other days.

In one of the anterooms of General Miles' offices in the Pullman building sits a grim, young-old man with grizzled, close cut hair, a brown, luxuriant mustache, and hard braced military shoulders. Messenger James Bell, if you please. A little chap in a blue sailor suit, reefer and cap complete, is perched on his knee, said youth of seven being the son and heir of General Miles, and wearing worthily the patriotic name of Sherman Miles.

There the little chap sat securely and tugged at the old soldier's mustaches, while a reporter put questions and got answers.

"You want to hear the story of my ride?" continued the old scout. Then he told the story of his epic ride, bearing dispatches from General Terry to General Crook. This was in 1876. Custer had just been slain; it was absolutely necessary to get the two generals in touch. Terry was on the Big Horn; Crook was at the headwaters of the Great Goose creek. In the tangled interland the Indians swarmed. Bands of reds were lurking here and there curled about General Terry's camp. Scouts had been sent out. One after another drifted back to camp; they had met Indians; they had lost their horses in swimming the Yellowstone.

June 9 Colonel Gibbons, of the Seventh infantry, posted a call for volunteers to run the desperate race from the Big Horn to the camp on the Great Goose. There was a momentary holding back. Then three men stepped forward and answered the call.

James Bell, private.

Benjamin F. Stewart, private.

—— Evans, private.

Evans is still in the service and has won his stripes. He is stationed in the west.

They expected to have Indian ponies, but this proved an impossibility. So at 5 o'clock in the afternoon they set off mounted on cavalry horses. Each was in full uniform; each of the three carried an infantry rifle; no other arms were worn. Captain Hamilton, of the Second cavalry, who is now in the recruiting service in New York, commanded an escort that led the adventurous three to the lines. By this time it had gone dark, so the three chaps turned their horses' heads up hill and journeyed on like Dumas' three guardsmen.

"It was the meanest country ever white man put foot on," explained Jim Bell; "a mountainous, gullied, hill country, with scrubby bushes and sinking bogs. We had a watch horse ahead all the time to try the ground, and far ahead of him we sent one of the gang to keep a weather eye out for Indians. The red dogs were cringing in the bushes to right and left, and lurking in the gulches and the broken ground. There was no chance for a fight. It was simply a case of dodge and hedge all night."

So this night wore away, a scout ahead piercing from the high peaks, the other two following with the blundering, jaded cavalry horses. The night drifted by, and the next day there was nothing of importance. No fire was lighted. In those days and in those places the raising of fire smoke might have meant the raising of a scalp.

So the second night darkened down. The three thought of camping for the night at the Rosebud. It was after midnight; the horses were "staked out;" the three men fell asleep under the equine feet. Of a sudden there was a stampede, and the horses were out in the brush, mad with terror.

Here the infantile General Sherman Miles broke in, as he tugged at the old soldier's mustaches:

"But didn't you sleep?"

"Not just then," Jim Bell laughed; "we chased the horses."

"Indians," suggested young General Miles.

"No, bear—a bear had stampeded our horses, and after we caught them we decided that sleep was a luxury. So we rode on again."

Little Master Miles was grievously disappointed that it was not Indians, but finally agreed to accept bear. Then the square shouldered scout went on:

"Three nights and two days, and the last night was the worst of all. We sighted a blue column of smoke spindling up into the air. This was shortly after midnight, when we caught the dawn glimmer from the hills.

"Indians?

"Friends or foes?

"We lay there, with the horses thrown and blindfolded, crouched in the grass. The hours went by, but it seemed that every hour was a generation long. Should we succeed in our mission and put the two armies in connection, or die at the red and tortured stake?

"The hours crept on until the dawn brightened and broadened. Five o'clock! Then of a sudden we heard the bugles blowing—the falling in—the roll call—and, thank God, the word from Terry to Crook was delivered."

Now that was a good bit of work. Jim Bell gave General Terry his first authentic news of the Custer massacre; Jim Bell put Terry in touch with Crook; Jim Bell ended the war.

You don't think much of it? The west is waiting for the poet who shall sing that ride.—Chicago Tribune.

Wearing Linen.

"So you have given up wearing flannel. Why is this?" asked one lady of another.

"I gave it up because I found something so much more comfortable. I am going to turn the order of undergarments topsy turvy, and wear linen in winter for warmth and wool in summer for coolness, if I ever wear wool at all, which is somewhat doubtful. Why, my dear, do you know that I always take cold when I leave off my linen house dresses in the fall and put on wool ones? I had noticed this for several seasons, and finally made some experiments, by which I satisfied myself that linen or cotton was warmer than wool, and so I am going to fly in the face of tradition and custom and wear linen; and you will find that my health will improve. I entertain ideas about the healthfulness of garments that can only be washed in warm water.

"Of course we know that a moderate degree of heat not only does not destroy the germs of disease, but is favorable to their growth, and it appears to me that flannels worn from month to month, sometimes from season to season, with only warm baths between wearings, must, in the nature of things, accumulate impurities. Suppose there is an illness or exposure to disease, how could there be more favorable conditions for its continuance than the flannels as at present managed? Of course, I don't expect all the world to follow my example, nor do I think it will affect the traffic in wool goods. I only know I will have better health and will be much more comfortable in linen than in wool. This is only my notion of what is good for me."—New York Ledger.

Boiling Clothes with Kerosene.

For a boilerful of clothes use two-thirds of a cake of soap and four tablespoonfuls of kerosene. Lessen the quantity both of soap and kerosene for a small washing. Put cold rain water—kerosene cannot be used with any but rain water—in the boiler, to the depth of three or four inches; shave up the soap, measure the kerosene, and add both to the water while it is cold. Boil together thoroughly, watching that it does not foam over on the stove. Then add enough cold water to boil the clothes in and put them in—the best white ones—while the water is cold. Bring to a boil, and boil steadily for ten minutes. Take out into a tub of cold rain water and suds.

Rinse and blue in still other waters. There will be no rubbing, except to get the suds out, for the dirt has all disappeared. Add to the suds in the boiler a little more soap and kerosene if there are many towels, etc., for the next batch. After it boils well cool a little with cold water, and put in the dirtiest of the white clothes. These will boil during the sudsing and rinsing of the first lot. Wash the colored clothes in the sudsing water by hand, or with a machine if preferred. Flannels especially wash easier for the kerosene in the suds, and there is nothing about it to fade the most delicate fabric.—Agnes Rosenkrans in Good Housekeeping.

Dr. Holmes Tells a Strange Story.

Dr. Holmes told me the other day a curious experience of his. At dinner one night he was suddenly moved, apropos of nothing, to relate a very curious criminal case that he had not even thought of, so far as he knew, for forty years. When they left the dining room and passed into the library it was found the mail had been delivered while they were at dinner and lay on the table.

Dr. Holmes opened a paper sent him by a friend in England, and behold, it contained the same story of the long past crime that he had just been relating, revived in the newspaper, and a friend in England, thinking it would interest him from its curious character, had sent it to him.

"Now, what," said Dr. Holmes, "put the story at that moment in my mind? I suppose the Spiritualists would say that a spirit read what was in the paper lying in another room and communicated it to me. Or was it possibly my unconscious self that saw it and communicated it to the brain?"

"Which do you think it was, Dr. Holmes?" I asked, curious to hear his keen and subtle analysis of so strange an occurrence.

"I have no theories," he replied; "I only state facts."—Boston Cor. New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Proper Bridal Etiquette.

There are many little things about weddings that people inquire about. The bride writes a personal note of thanks for every gift received, whether it be a great one or a little one, and, if she cannot do this before the ceremony, she does it after the bridal trip. In the church the bridegroom's family and friends sit at the right of the altar, being on the bridegroom's right hand, while those of the bride are placed on the left at the bride's left. The bridegroom does not pay for anything connected with the wedding unless he should choose to send bouquets to the bridesmaids, and, of course, to the bride, and presents and boutonnieres to his best man and the ushers. A widow removes her first wedding ring at her second marriage, and does not assume it again. The engagement ring is taken from the third finger of the left hand and worn afterward as a guard to the wedding ring. It is not considered good taste to cut the finger out of the glove for assuming the ring.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Bugs as Medicine.

Chinese drug stores, which may be numbered by the score in the Mongolian quarter, are in themselves complete and unabridged museums of insects. In the hundreds of neat drawers which line the walls and in the numerous jars of fantastic design and barbaric form which ornament these establishments are to be found preserved flies, beetles, bees and every other species of insect life, not to mention every variety of toad, snake and lizard. Every box is carefully labeled with Chinese signs, and the contents are carefully dried before being stored away for medical use.—San Francisco Chronicle.

CASE CHARLIE AT THE CIRCUS.

Proof That Reality Can't Hold a Candle to Pleasures of Imagination.

Charlie is a little lad of eight years, with a delicate, poetic face, and great, dreamy, violet eyes with curling lashes at least half an inch long. A casual observer would say, "That boy has imagination largely developed."

His schoolmates sometimes call it by another name.

When he comes home from school somewhat early, with rosy, flushed face, and as reason for not having his book with him says, "Two big boys pinioned my arms and marched me home on a double quickstep. I couldn't carry my book and so it was lost," his fond and judicious mamma suspends all criticism until after investigation. She knows there is a grain of truth somewhere, and expects to find it lodged at the bottom of a pretty big well.

A note to the teacher elicits the information that Charlie's reader is in his desk, and Charlie, with big, angelic eyes and seraphic innocence says, "Sure enough. I forgot to take it home; but you know if I had it must have been lost, because each boy held an arm."

The other day considerable pains were taken to send him to the circus. An older brother kindly gave up a Saturday afternoon on his bicycle to act as his chaperon. Seats were secured in the best part of the house. Now Charlie had never been to a circus. He had, however, seen considerable circus literature as displayed on posters, and was familiar with the beautiful fairy in ballet attire who rides three horses at once while she drives a tandem with her left hand and with her right fires off a gun on which are perched a happy family of cats, mice and birds. He knew just how gracefully the elephants could dance the german and horses play seesaw.

Great enthusiasm was felt by the whole family regarding Charlie's introduction to that delight of every boy's heart, the circus. Papa on the eventful morning was heard to wish that office cares and duties would permit him to live over again his youthful days by witnessing the impressions that would be made on the virgin mind of his little boy.

Our blase young American, however, afforded an instructive and beautiful illustration of the development of the genus "boy" in a single generation. The grand athletic tournament and the wonderful equestrian baboon failed to elicit a single spark of enthusiasm. The performances of the clowns were beneath his contempt.

During some marvelous bareback riding acts he asked when the horses would come out.

"They are out; don't you see them?" said his brother.

"Yes, but when are they going to come out of the ring? I don't care for this part."

The trapeze performances and the bicycle riding met with a limited amount of approval, although he would "just as lief see Hal ride his wheel," and "the fellows at the gymnasium were pretty good on the trapeze." While Rome was falling he wanted to go home and play hopscotch.

When mamma questioned him as to what kind of a time he had, he said:

"Oh, the circus isn't as good as it used to be."

"Why, Charlie," said mamma, "you never were at a circus before."

"Is that so?" said Master Charlie; "I thought I had been every year from four years up."—New York Herald.

Two Kinds of Tarantulas.

It is a fact not generally known that there are two varieties of tarantulas in Arizona and New Mexico. This probably accounts for the conflicting reports about the deadly nature of the tarantula poison. The so-called Texas tarantula is by no means an agreeable bedfellow, but his bite is by no means fatal. The venomous Texan tarantula, in spite of all discussions to the contrary, does build and live in the trapdoor spider nest. There seems to be a current idea that the trapdoor spider is harmless, which is certainly erroneous. It uses no web nest, easily capturing its prey by extraordinary springs.

Those who have seen this arachnidan by daylight can have little idea of its power and fleetness. During the day it moves slowly and clumsily in dazzling light, but when darkness comes it can move with ease and certainty. Credible accounts have appeared stating that the tarantula can leap sixteen feet. Repeated statements have credited it with leaps of three feet or more. In the year 1870, or near that date, three men disturbed several tarantula nests in San Diego. They were immediately attacked by the huge spiders and had to run for their lives, taking refuge in the waters of the bay.—Florence Companion.

Do Deer Ever Weep?

In most species of deer a hollow which is known to scientists as the lachrymal sinus, or tear pit, is found. It is a cavity beneath each eye, capable of being opened at pleasure, in which a waxy substance of a peculiar disagreeable odor is secreted. This pit is sometimes very small, but often of considerable size. Poets speak of the deer weeping, but it has not been shown this is not by poetic license solely. In the case of the wounded stag, which the contemplative Jacques watched and moralized upon, it is said:

The big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase.

But this is Shakespeare's poetical interpretation of the appearance presented by the motion of the glistening edges of the folds of skin which inclose the so called "tear pits." These cavities are very marked in species of deer found in Asia and the islands of the Indian ocean, and in the common deer of America and Europe. In some varieties in South America and northern Asia they are less developed.—St. Louis Republic.

Fly Tastes.

First Fly—They are painting the house outside. Let's go out and get stuck in the paint.

Second Fly—I'd rather stay here and get stuck in the butter.—Good News.

UNDER THE LAUREL AND WILLOW.

Under the laurel and willow,
Under the stars and the dew,
Resting from conflict and danger,
Slumber the Gray and the Blue.
Shadows and sunbeams entangle,
Birds trill their melody gay,
Zephyrs sigh requiem solemn
Over the Blue and the Gray.

Roses and dark gleaming cypress,
Tender white lilies and rue,
Sun kissed or rain dashed, are bending
Over the Gray and the Blue.
Clusters of somber eyed blossoms,
Garlands of splendid display,
Lie in the daisies and grasses,
Over the Blue and the Gray.

Out of the heart of the nation,
Up on the pinions of day,
Flutter, in tremulous whispers,
Prayers o'er the Blue and the Gray.
Down on the flower wreathed hillocks,
Wet with the rain or the dew,
Falls a tear for the gray coated sleepers,
A tear for the sleepers in blue.
—Claudia Tharin in Good Housekeeping.

A Valuable Invention.

A gentleman who has made several important mechanical inventions, and has been for some time engaged in perfecting a new journal bearing for railway cars which shall prevent the danger of fire from overheating of the axle—that is, from what is technically known as a "hot box"—had not long since an interview with an official of a company which was to take up the invention.

The interview took place at the home of the inventor, and his daughter, a young lady well on in her teens, sat in an adjoining room, where she overheard all that was said.

Although she listened intently she did not understand all the details of the conversation, but that she was much impressed by what she did hear was shown by the fact that the next day she confided to an aunt that the family was on the eve of a great success.

"I heard papa telling Mr. Blank all about his new invention last night," she explained, "and Mr. Blank said there was a fortune in it."

"But what sort of an invention is it?" her aunt inquired.

The girl put her head thoughtfully on one side for a moment.

"I am not quite sure," she answered, trying to recall the talk which she had overheard the day before, "but I think that papa has invented a new kind of hot box."—Youth's Companion.

References No Good.

"New York references are no good," said the attorney for a collection agency. "We never take them. When a note is due we just crack ahead and bring suit. Then the man must pay costs besides. That is the way we get our living. We rarely ever counsel extensions. Nine cases out of ten, if a man wants four or five days and gets it he'll never pay at all, and the advantage arising from immediate suit is lost. All a notary has to do in case of a note is to call at a man's residence or place of business. He doesn't have to present the note for payment. If the man isn't there a suit can be begun at once without further notice. It is a legal refusal to pay if the man isn't there to receive the notary. That is the way we do business. Our business is to get the money for our clients. The creditor must look out for himself. I wouldn't give the snap of my finger for the best reference in New York."—New York Herald.

Wanted to Go to the Game.

The other day a couple of gentlemen were lunching rather elaborately at a prominent cafe. One of them sighed frequently and looked at his watch and inveighed against the necessity for work.

"Bah!" exclaimed his companion, "you would not know what to do with yourself. You thrive upon an active life. Besides you have been everywhere and seen everything, and if you had five millions tomorrow you couldn't enjoy it. No, sir. Now, look here, old man, what is your idea of pleasure? What would you do right now if you had a million? Right off hand, now—what would you do?"

"I'd knock off this lunch and go out and see the ball game, for the first thing." (In about a minute)—"I don't see anything so awfully funny about that!"—New York Herald.

A Forgotten Fortune.

Matching the stories of valuable and unappreciated oil paintings sold for a song is one concerning a miraculous transaction in Chevres china. Early in the past century a gentleman presented a reverend friend with two vases as a wedding present. These vases stood for more than forty years on a cabinet in a Somersetshire rectory without attracting any particular notice, until a sale took place after their owner's death, at which they were bought for two guineas by a tradesman in Bath. Within a few weeks they resold for 600 guineas to a Bond street dealer, who speedily disposed of them to the late Lord Derby for 4,000 guineas.—New York Home Journal.

The great university being erected by Mr. and Mrs. Leland Stanford in memory of their son at Palo Alto, is arranged to admit men and women on an equal footing. One hundred dollars a year covers the sum of maintenance for each pupil, although everything is as complete in equipment about the institution as modern invention can design.

Baron Hirsch's fortune is variously estimated from £20,000,000 to £30,000,000. His father was a Bavarian banker. The foundation of his fortune was a railway contract with the Turkish government. It has since been enlarged by other railway maneuvers in eastern Europe and by speculations on the Paris bourse.

The amount of coloring matter stored in coal is such that one pound of the mineral yields magenta sufficient to color 500 yards of flannel, aurine for 120 yards, vermilion for 2,560 yards, and alizarine for 255 yards of Turkey red cloth.

Ancient writers make frequent mention of earrings, and state that in early days they were worn by both sexes. From the very earliest times the male inhabitants of Asia wore them.

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Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G B Bracken, F S; Dr G C Syson, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm O King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 799 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 3127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr F S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halsted st; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3323 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 833 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 353 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Reilly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Olow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuses, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fols, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaefer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago —Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; P McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 870 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 92 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 288 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 525 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittachmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Euler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Narnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond C Foley, R S, 412 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—Faxel, C R, 288 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S, 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebrecht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Fo han, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Rodes, F S; Michael Boeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtenb, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas P Lunz, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Kringa, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 233 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Drouin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; H P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 158 Huron st; P C Orane, R S, 331 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 430 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 3617 Emerald av; C Hiersbach, F S; Chas Transcht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teety, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J B Dady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudrean, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams sts.
County Delegate, P E Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.
County Secretary, John Dowling, 256 N. Clark.
County Financial Secretary, J. W. Connell, 3719 Lowe av.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W. Erie.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; R. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. 3—Hugh L. Barron, Pres., 270 W. 14th st; James Carroll, V.-P.; Edward O'Neill, Rec. Sec. 1006 Vat Horn st; John Farrell, Fin. Sec.; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m at Doherty's Hall, 446 W Twelfth st.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; P. Lavery, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 669 S. Halsted-st; T. F. White, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Freil, Recording Sec. 447 Thirty-fifth st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second-st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jas. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 3256 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; B. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet 3rst Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—M. L. Dunne, Pres., 1723 W. Lake-st.; C. Sullivan, V-P; M. J. Barret, Rec. Sec., 429 S. Halsted st; James E. O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; F. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T T Ahern, Pres 8 Chicago; J J Murphy, V. P.; D Duggan, Rec Sec., 8 Chicago; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; John McCabe, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m. in Eigeeman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., M. C. Redmond, 17 Artesian av.; V.-P., P. J. Kane; Rec. Sec., W. G. Graham, 13 Currier st.; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch-Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 13—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2862 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin.Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas, James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 8 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V.P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec. Lawrence Henely; Treas., F. B. Flanagan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N. W. cor Thirty-seventh and Butterfield-sts.

Div. No. 19—Pres., st. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts; V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Brenhahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare-Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 3802 Parnell av; V.-P., D. O'Brien; Rec. sec., Jeremiah Herbert; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., F. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeogeghan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John B. O'Connor; Treas., Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Sodality hall, cor 11th and May sts.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 229 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres., J P Doheny, 2359 Honore st; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4458 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, Alexander Reilly, Kensington; V P M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Dolan, Box 837 Pullman; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres, John Dowling, 253 N Clark st; V P, Thomas Franey; rec sec, John Mulhearn, 40 Artesian av; fin sec, Michael Moore; treas, James C. King. Meets last Saturday of each month at 1086 W Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3800 Lowe av; V P, J J Burke; rec sec, M J O Brien, 3203 Butler st; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3815 South Halsted st.

Div. 36—President, Michael McCarthy, 610 Thirty-second st; V P, Patrick Foley; Rec Sec, Martin Walsh, 2903 Lyman st; Fin Sec, Patrick Crimmins; Treas, James Kelly. Meet first and third Saturday each month at 686 Thirty-first st.

EMERALD BENEFICIAL ASSOCIATION OF NORTH AMERICA.

INTERNATIONAL GRAND BRANCH.

Spiritual Directors, Rev. John F. Brady, Lambertville, N. J.; Rev. J. D. Bowles, Fremont, O.
President, Rev. F. G. Lentz, Tipton, Ind.
First Vice-President, Dr. J. T. Bussey, Baltimore, Md.
Second Vice-President, Michael Mullin, Troy, N. Y.
Secretary, J. B. McCalley, Pittsburg, Pa.
Treasurer, David A. Carey, Toronto, Ont.
Marshal, Henry Britt, Girard, O.
Sergeant at-Arms, Thomas Callahan, Norfolk, Va.

St. Stephens Branch No. 4.—President, Robert Lynch, 215 W. Kinzie-st.; Vice-Pres., Dr. William O'Connell; Secretary, P. J. McKeague, 566 Carroll av; Treas, J. J. Clements; Marshal, Michael Muldoon. Meets the 1st and 3rd Sundays of each month at the corner of Sangamon and Ohio streets.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E.

NATIONAL OFFICERS.

Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.
Laurence Kelly, National Delegate, High st., Yonkers, N. Y.
Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 593 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.
John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

STATE DELEGATES.

M. Cramer, 60 Saltingstall av, New Haven, Conn.
John L. Cunningham, 2900 Sidney st, St. Louis, Mo.
Owen Carroll, cor Second st, and Newark av., Jersey City, N.J.
Thomas Breen, Newton, Kas.
John Patton, No. 1 Freeman Ct., Roxbury Dist., Boston, Mass.
John O'Callaghan, 734 Carroll avenue, Chicago, Ill.
John McFarland, 3734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.
J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.
Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.
Thomas Norton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.
J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.
T. F. Thornton, 3010 third av, Birmingham, Ala.
Dan'l Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.
William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.
P. M. Lunday, 323 Union av, St. Pueblo.
P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.
Thos. Noonan, 38 E 8. venth st., St. Paul, Minn.
John W. Conoly, Lonaconing, Maryland.
Patrick Walsh, Benwood, West Virginia.
P. J. Walsh, 19 Spring st, Portland, Me.
Patrick Cleary, Escanaba, Mich.
Thomas Banks, Co. Secretary, 304 Mott st, New York city, Agent for New York.

OFFICERS OF THE ILLINOIS WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' BENEFICIARY FUND.

President, Thomas Flood, 523 Austin av Chicago.
Vice-President, James Walsh, Springfield, Ill.
Secretary, John Mulvihill, 373 W. Erie st, Chicago.
Treasurer, John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av, Chicago.
Trustees, A. Burke, P. Dougherty, J. Larney, Maurice A. O'Connor.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

The County Board meets the 2nd Sunday of each month at hall S. W. corner of Lake and LaSalle-sts.
County Delegate, Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel street, Chicago, Ill.
County Secretary, J. E. Dunn, Lock Box 574, Oak Park, Ill.
County Fin. Secretary, E. Quinn, 550 W. Twenty-first-st.
County Treasurer, Thomas Flood, 523 Austin av.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1—Pres. Thomas Flynn, 536 W Erie st; Vice-Pres, Wm Griffen; Rec Sec, Michael Tuohy, 48 W Ohio st; Fin Sec, Stephen Carmody; Treas, Jeremiah Beardan. Meet first and third Sunday of each month at Fitzgerald Hall, Cor. Adams and Halsted sts, at 3 p m.

Div. 2—Pres, Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel st; Vice-Pres, Thos Driscoll; Rec Sec, John Green, 14 Walsh court; Fin. Sec., Michael Galvin; Treas, D. Brown. Meet the first and third Sunday each month at 3525 South Halsted st, at 2

PRICES
AT
1/3 AND 1/2
LESS
TO CLOSE OUT ALL GOODS.

You may search Chicago over and over again, you'll not find such bargains as we are offering, because they are not to be found outside of this store.

Unless a house is actually going out of business they can not nor will not make such low prices as we make you today. We are closing out as speedily as possible our immense stock of fine goods at the lowest prices ever known.

Men's and Boys' Suits, Overcoats, and new Spring Goods at that, of better materials and better workmanship than we ever made up before, marked at ⅓ and ½ below real value.

Men's and Boys' Shoes of the most durable and shapely kind—made especially for us—they too are cut almost in half in price.

All the Men's Furnishings—Neckwear, Underwear, Shirts, Hosiery, etc., going at little or nothing.

Wanamaker & Brown,

145 STATE STREET.

Best Tailoring to Order in the City and largest line of new Spring Woolens.

H.R.EAGLE

French Shoe Blacking, per box	5 cents
A 3 lb can Tomato Soup for	5 cents
Imported Macaroni, per lb	7 cents
Shaving Soap, per cake	2 cents
A 3 lb Can Mackerel in Mustard for	23 cents
A 10 lb Pail Large Family Mackerel for	99 cents
After Dinner Java Coffee, per lb	25 cents
Basket Fired Japan Tea, per lb	15 cents
New Maple Syrup, this year's run of sap and direct to us from the camp, per gallon	89 cents

Coleman's Genuine Mustard, 1-lb can for 29 cts

¼ Box, containing 5 lbs London Layer Table Raisins for ..... 39 cents

CIGAR AND TOBACCO DEPARTMENT.

CIGARS.

We have 4 800 Cigars branded LA BELLE NONA which we will sell at 4 cents each, or $1 50 for a box of 50 cigars. They are the best value ever offered.

We have just received 15,000 Cigars, Branded "THREE FOR A QUARTER" We will sell them at 1 cent each, or 50 cents for a box containing 50 cigars.

FINE CUT TOBACCOS.

Extra XX, per lb	25 cents
Daniel Scotten & Co.'s Hiawatha, per lb	59 cents
Catlin's Meerschaum, per lb	24 cents
Cut and Slash Durham, is worth 40 cents per lb, our price, pr lb	24 cents
Honey Dew	24 cents
Tip Top, 2 and 4 ounce pkge, lb.	25 cents
Sweet Tip Top, 2 and 4 ounce pkgs. per lb	29 cents
Yum Yum, 2 and 4 ounce pkgs per lb	29 cents
Plow Boy, 2 and 4 ounce pkgs, per lb	28 cents
T. & B. Cut Plug, 4 ounce tin boxes each	15 cents
Golden Rule, 4 ounce tin boxes	17 cents
Picadilly, 4 ounce tin boxes, each	19 cents
Oxford Hash, 4 ounce tin boxes	27 cents
Marburg Pickings, 4 ounce tin boxes, each	27 cents
Mellow Mixture, 4 ounce tin boxes, each	30 cents
Perique, 4 ounce tin boxes, each	30 cents
Monte Cristo, 4 ounce tin boxes	30 cents
Perique, 2 ounce tin boxes, each	19 cents

PLUG TOBACCO.

About 2,000 lbs odd lots Plug Tobacco, which we will close out at 22 cents per lb

SMOKING.

A Job Lot Smoking, per lb	9 cents
Star of Perfection, per lb	14 cents

PIPES.

Corn Cob Pipes, each	1 cent
Apple Wood Bent Stem Pipes, each	4 cents
Cherry Wood Pipes, each	5 cents
Briar Wood Pipes, each	6 cents
Ivy Wood Fancy Covered Pipes, each	10 cents
Persimmon Wood Fancy Covered Pipes, Amber Mouth Piece Pipes, each	15 cents

A GOOD COTTON HAMMOCK FOR 25 CENTS.
A GOOD LARGE MEXICAN HAMMOCK FOR 75 CENTS.

H.R. EAGLE & CO.,
GROCERS, 68 & 70 WABASH-AV.

A woman may sew, and a woman may spin,
And a woman may work all day,
But!—when SANTA CLAUS SOAP comes into her house
Then vanish all troubles away.

SANTA·CLAUS·SOAP·IS·MADE·
ONLY BY N.K.FAIRBANK & CO.CHICAGO.

GORE'S EUROPEAN HOTEL.

This excellent hotel freshly furnished and equipped throughout in first rate style, thoroughly fire proof and with unsurpassed facilities for heating, ventilating, etc., is well worthy the attention of intending visitors. The Manager, Mr. N. D. Laughlin, gives his personal attention to seeing that each and all of his guests are made as comfortable as possible. The position of Gore's European Hotel especially commends itself as being central to all the principal railway depots, theatres, etc., of the city. Attached to the hotel is a first-class restaurant.

THE HIBERNIAN RIFLES
Will Hold Their
SIXTEENTH ANNUAL PICNIC
AT
OGDEN'S GROVE,
ON
Saturday, July 4, '91,
DAY AND EVENING.

DANIEL CORKERY, Chairman. HON. MARCUS KAVANAGH speaker for the evening. The grounds will be brilliantly illuminated in the evening. Dancing and Games will be the order of the day. Handsome prizes will be given for each Clybourne avenue and Halsted street cars stop at the gate.

Yours anxious to please
Ed. L. Huntley.

ED. L. HUNTLEY'S
$10
Ready-Made Suits
For Men

give universal satisfaction. Send us $10 and the following measures and we will guarantee to fit and please you or refund your money. Rules for measurement: breast measure, over vest, close up under arms, waist measure over pants at waist, and inside leg measure from crotch to heel. SEND SIX CENTS for 12 samples of our $10 Men's Suits, fashion plate and tape measure. Boys' Suits, $5.50; Children's Suits, $3.

ED. L. HUNTLEY & CO.,
Wholesale Tailors.
184 EAST MADISON STREET,
CHICAGO, ILL.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of Peter Clarke, a native of Co. Cavan, Ireland; last heard from about ten years ago; was then in Gunnison, Colorado. Any information about him will be thankfully received by his brother, JAS. CLARKE, 1267 W. Sixteenth st, Chicago, Ill.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK —ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. May Term, A. D. 1891 John G. Hausise vs. Sarah Hausise. In Chancery. No. 91,759.

Notice is hereby given to the said Sarah Hausise that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House, in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June A. D. 1891, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

HENRY BEST, Clerk.

David Sullivan, Complainant's Solicitor.

ESTATE OF JAMES PYNE, DECEASED. —All persons having claims against the estate of James Pyne, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August, A. D. 1891, being the 17th day thereof.

JOHN PYNE, Executor.

Dated Chicago, June 3, 1891.

David Sullivan, Attorney.

JAMES O'CONNELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW OPERA HOUSE BUILDING 112 CLARK-ST

NOTICE OF PETITION FOR LEAVE TO change name. To all whom it may concern: Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Victor Krasky, a resident of the County of Cook, in the State of Illinois, will file his petition in the Circuit Court of Cook County, Illinois, at the next July Term A. D. 1891 of said court, which said term of court will begin and be holden at the Court House in Chicago, in said County of Cook, on the third Monday of July, 1891, praying that the name of the undersigned be changed to Victor Krasko.

Dated at Chicago, this 21st day of May A. D. 1891. (Signed) VICTOR KRASKY.

ESTATE OF WILLIAM MURPHY, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of William Murphy, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of July, A. D. 1891, being the 20th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, May 26, 1891.

WILLIAM F. MURPHY, Administrator.

James O'Connell, Solicitor for Administrator, Offices 916 Chicago Opera House Building.

OPEN EVENINGS TILL THE 4th.

A Backward Season and Overloaded Stocks Demand Forced Sales.

P. F. RYAN & CO.,
Madison and Peoria Streets,

Are determined to unload all Summer Merchandise, be the loss what it may, and Monday morning, every week day, and evenings until the night of July 3d, they will cut prices on all summer fabrics and every article suitable for warm weather use.

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR.

1,000 dozen Ladies' Hose, fast black, boot combinations and fancy stripes. This lot goes at ..... 25c per pair

150 dozen Ladies' Swiss Ribbed Vests, silk trimmed arms and neck, in fast black, ecru, pink, sky blue and old gold, really worth half a dollar, all at ..... 19 cents

MEN, ATTENTION!

3,000 dozen Men's Fine Neckwear, in all the new spring colors and latest novelties, tecks and four-in-hands. Neckties worth 50c, 75c, $1 and $1.25. Divided into 3 lots 25c, 35c, 50c

100 dozen Men's Laundered Dress Shirts, New York Mills Muslin, 2200 linen, reinforced front and back, value $1. Our price 59c

Men's French Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, worth $1 each. Now ..... 50c each

UNPARALLELED BARGAINS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

It Pays to trade on the West Side with the ever-reliable house of

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218, 220, 222, 224, 226 and 228 WEST MADISON-ST.

CHAD MILLE FAILTHE.
SIXTEENTH ANNUAL MILITARY PICNIC
AND
Midsummer Night's Festival,
Under the Auspices of the
CLAN-NA-GAEL GUARDS,
Will be Held at
OSWALD'S GROVE,
Fifty-Second and Halsted Streets,
SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1891,
DAY AND EVENING.

Dancing and all kinds of games will be the order of the day. The grounds will be brilliantly illuminated in the evening. Halsted street cars run to the gate.

TICKETS - - - 50 CENTS.

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NEW YORK. QUEENSTOWN. LIVERPOOL.
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First Cabin Rates from $50, Second Cabin $30, and Steerage $18. Drafts on Dublin, Belfast, Liverpool, London and Glasgow.

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31 Randolph St., (under Sherman House.)

P. V. FITZPATRICK, 146 Twenty-second-st
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(Adjoining Jesuit Church.)

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Brewing Co.,
FOOT OF 27th STREET,
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Brewers and Bottlers of the Finest Brands of Beers Ale and Porter, put up especially for Family and Medical use. Try our Special Brand of Munich Hofbrau Beer.

TELEPHONE 3298.

CLINE'S DANCING ACADEMY,
COR. WELLS AND HURON-STS.

Beginners' Class, Monday Evenings. Advance class, Tuesday and Friday Evenings, admission 25c a person. Private lessons $1.00 per hour. Hall for rent for Balls and Parties. Sleigh parties received all nights excepting Saturday nights.

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